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The Gist of It

JUST as this issue went to press word came from Oslo that the Nobel peace award for 1931 had been made jointly to JANE ADDAMS and Nicholas Murray Butler, cheering news for the New Year for Miss Addams on her sick-bed at Johns Hopkins Hospital and for the slender company of those who have been with her in standing for peace even when her own country was hell-bent for war. Her article (page 370) was originally delivered in November over the network of the National Broadcasting Company as part of a series sponsored by the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education in cooperation with the Brookings Institution. The entire series will be published in a book entitled Economic Aspects of the Depression to be brought out in the spring by the University of Chicago Press.

FOR fifteen years medical director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene and editor of The Journal of Mental Hygiene, DR. FRANKWOOD E. WILLIAMS (page 341) is now in private practice in New York City. He spent a part of his last vacation in Russia where he gained an illuminating insight into the psychology of a revolutionary people, which he here shares with readers of Survey Graphic.

THE sharp cleavage over federal relief for the unemployed could scarcely be better illustrated than by the arguments given on page 346-7. PRESIDENT HOOVER'S statement is from his message at the opening of Congress on December 8. GOVERNOR PINCHOT'S follows the lines of an address which he made before the League of Women Voters on November 30.

THE placement work of the Women's Division of the Emergency Work Bureau in New York City, which handled some three or four thousand cases during the winter, was headed up by HELEN FIELD. A graduate of the University of Wisconsin, formerly on the staff of Houghton Mifflin Company, she illustrates the adaptability of the trained woman in tackling new and emergent work. Page 352.

THE material on successful families and how they grow which furnished the basis for her article (page 355) was gathered by CHASE GOING WOODHOUSE as director of the Institute of Women's Professional Relations, with headquarters at the North Carolina College for Women at Greensboro.

MEDICAL director of the National Society for Mental Hygiene, DR. GEORGE K. PRATT has been particularly interested in watching the growth of clinics to minister to pining marriages. Page 359.

THE one-act play (page 361) with its poignant revelation of the state of mind of workmen who are expecting to be let off, grew out of the experience of PHILIP L. KETCHUM in the Family Welfare Society of Omaha, Neb. He has recently been made executive director of the Omaha Community Chest.

HOW Jennie, the shrewd little working girl, gets her man, and Jean, the highbrow, doesn't (page 364) was suggested by letters from social workers in the Communications columns of The Survey last winter. It brings into our pages again ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE, referee of the Cleveland Juvenile Court, and her delightful following of girls, good, bad, but never indifferent.

ONE of the most popular of English journalists and lecturers among American audiences, S. K. RATCLIFFE, interprets what may happen to the governmental social services (page 374) at the hands of the new National Government.

NOW a member of the staff of the Brookings Institution in Washington, FELIX MORLEY (page 377) returned recently from three years on a Guggenheim fellowship spent at Geneva in studying the constitutional development of the League of Nations. He was formerly staff correspondent of The Baltimore Sun in Europe and the Near East and is the author of a number of books on subjects in which he is an authority.

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THE RUSSIAN CROWD

"I am the group but I am the individual"

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THE SURVEY
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No. 7

Those Crazy Russians!

A Mental-Hygiene Hunting Trip in the U. S. S. R.

By FRANKWOOD E. WILLIAMS, M.D.

I WENT to Russia to study Mental Hygiene. I had been led to believe that things are being accomplished there that are impossible here. What I found was that the difference was the difference between our philosophies of life. In America we live in a democracy with supposedly equal opportunity for all and personal progress dependent upon the success of our competition with others. In Russia under Communism—but what I found in Russia did not come easily; it meant recasting my whole approach to what I had been looking for. Later I shall tell you how this came to me. But first as a stepping-stone let me point out that in dealing with individual vicissitudes under democracy, if we have any knowledge of personal mental hygiene at all, it is that outward circumstance does not produce the devastating mental effect that it is commonly supposed to do. It may be the straw that breaks the camel's back but it is not the cause of the weakness in the camel's back.

A businessman develops insomnia because of worry over his business. The insomnia is not primarily due to difficulties in the business, but the state of the business may be the factor that will tip his insecurity balance far enough to produce the insomnia; or it may be the situation he will grasp to explain or excuse an insomnia not otherwise explicable to him. What are the problems involved? The insomnia is not a mental-hygiene problem, it is a therapeutic problem—he is already ill. The mental-hygiene problem is, how to arrange matters so that neither he nor anyone else will need to have insomnia. There are two approaches to this: so arrange business that a condition cannot arise to cause him enough anxiety to upset his psychological balance (absurd); or, looking to the future, so direct his emotional development that a crisis will be unable again to upset his balance (probably also absurd).

We recognize in America that there are, so far as we can see, only these two ways out and yet each seems quite impossible. It would be an optimist who would believe that business could ever be anything but "the race to the swift, the devil take the hindmost" and this must induce almost continuous anxiety. There is therefore no fundamental mental-hygiene effort in this direction here. Our attack is more along the lines of child training and development—but without much conviction of important success, unless over a very long time, because it must be done in an atmosphere of competition and rivalry that vitiates everything from the start and at every step. Further, whatever we may do in this direction, our work has little relationship to anything else. It is but an incident among many other unrelated things. There is cooperative effort to be sure, but each unit in the cooperation is a unit, after all, with its own responsibilities and aims and the joint enterprise is but incidental in any instance. There is no focus, only foci. There is no unity of activity; there is no one goal that we all have definitely in mind.

Russia, without apparently being aware of the impossibility, has grappled with both these absurdities; directly with the first, only indirectly for the moment with the second. (And when I speak of "Russia" I mean new Russia, not old Russia or the mixture of what is left of old and new; not of something altogether accomplished but of something very definitely in the making.) The first is attacked by a sweeping effort to relieve anxiety pressures—precisely those pressures which in our society build up and up until the balance is thrown and the strongest individual finds himself in difficulty—if it is no more (and it is quite enough) than with a middle-aged discouragement, bitterness, cynicism, frustration; anxiety in regard to

Looking in Russia for mental-hygiene work cut on the familiar American pattern, Dr. Williams found it. Pretty good, but nothing extra. But he constantly sensed something bigger, something permeating a whole people with a sense of security. The clue to his exciting discovery of just what this turned out to be is the basis of this article, the first of three written for Survey Graphic by this distinguished American psychiatrist.

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work, food, housing, personal progress, vocational and professional opportunity, sex life, marriage and the establishment of a family, illness, education of children, future security of family.

In so far as this social relief of anxiety is successful it leaves the individual at the level of his anxiety-potential as he entered life at adolescence. What can that mean? No one can tell. One can easily believe that it may mean a great deal. Certainly in a population of 160 millions it must be a parole for hundreds of thousands. That it can be enough one cannot grant, regardless of the optimism of the Russians, unless we are entirely wrong in regard to the etiology of anxiety. But if we are right in regard to the etiology of anxiety, then the Russians are right in their approach to the problem as a whole, for the fundamental etiology can be attacked only indirectly and only as an accompaniment of tremendous social change.

The present approach promises the greatest amount of success in the shortest time—provided it can succeed at all. And inherent in the present attack upon unnecessary overloading of anxiety is an indirect attack upon the fundamentals of anxiety—or, so it may be. There will not be agreement about this. Sentimental disagreement need not trouble us; such disagreement as will come from serious and competent students of the problem must be considered. At the moment however, one's view on either side can only be speculative. Time alone can tell. The question is, Will the present approach tend to solve the problem of high anxiety-potential by bringing to a minimum those psychological factors within the growing child that lead to anxiety, or will a wholly new set of factors be created that may be no better than the old? Will a totally new condition be produced or will new problems merely replace the old ones?

Photos from U.S.S.R. in Construction

The printed factory paper is not a house-organ

The indirect attack lies in the freedom of the parents and the children from the home. That our emotionally overheated homes produce the factors that create anxiety there can be little doubt. What will happen in a completely aerated home? Not in drafty or even gusty homes such as we often see here, but in homes hygienically aerated; in homes where the home is a rich part of the life of the father and mother, but not the whole life; where the children are welcomed and represent something for which there could be no substitute, but do not represent everything; where children can feel that they belong, but not exclusively; where children will have a loyalty but not a total loyalty, probably not even a first loyalty.

That something of psychological importance will happen we can well believe; that it will be for good there is certainly reason for believing; that it may carry with it other kind of seed there may possibly be reason for believing; that it is an experiment worth trying surely no informed person would deny. And that this experiment must come about as it is is inherent in the social changes that have to do with the relief of anxiety-overloading.

These generalizations of mine were not what I clapped onto the situation. They came only haltingly after much baffling exploration. Let me retrace my steps.

I went to Russia not differentiating particularly between psychiatry, social psychiatry and mental hygiene. I went thinking in terms of hospitals, outpatient clinics, schools for the feebleminded, special classes in the public schools; of clinics in correctional institutions, clinics in the courts (particularly juvenile); clinics in social agencies, community clinics; of psychiatric social work, modern types of training in mental hygiene, personnel, psychiatrists, psychologists and psychiatric social workers; and finally of child-guidance clinics, mental-hygiene clinics in schools and colleges, vocational guidance, personnel work in industry, teacher and parental training.

I arrived and went to work. First inquiry. Have they this type of organization and that? Yes. And how many of each? So and so many. Not particularly impressive. And how many patients visit the clinic in a day, a month, a year? So and so. Nothing special. Psychiatrists at the courts? Yes. All prisoners examined before trial or before sentence? No. What per cent? Apparently not quite as well as we are doing.

Alcoholic Preventorium. The usual questions as to number of patients, length of stay, method of admission and finally—results? Fifty to 60 per cent. What! Well, here *is* something! Fifty to 60 per cent recovery—and after how long? Six months. And what happens after six months? They all do well. You follow them for how long? Six months. But how then do you know what happens after six months? Oh we are sure they all do well—or at least

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most of them. You hope they do, but how can you know? Oh, we feel quite sure. Well, that's that, and it doesn't look very good.

The Prophylectorium for Prostitutes. The same questions and in the end the same answer—sure that everything is well without follow-up data that could make it possible to know. And so through all the range of psychiatric and mental-hygiene organization; pages filled with questions and answers.

I noted a restlessness at times as I persisted, particularly if I were driving home questions that tended to expose possible inadequacies or to reveal an actual lack of facts back of certain confident assertions. Sometimes, particularly when dealing with a younger untraveled official inexperienced in dealing with foreigners, I noted a puzzlement on his part. Why all these questions? What were they trying to get at? But everyone was polite and kindly and willing no end to be of service and get whatever information was wanted even though they couldn't understand what reason there was for it all.

Reading in the Moscow Park of Culture and Rest

And certainly a dozen times I had been asked if I did not want to visit the Museum of the Revolution, the Park of Culture and Rest, a factory, a public kitchen. Propaganda? This to distract one's attention from what one was here to do—the gathering of facts in regard to mental hygiene in Russia? But I had always politely declined; refused to be dragged away from the job and to be filled up with propaganda. "If there is time later I shall be delighted to see those things but now I must visit hospitals and clinics."

And so, after inquiry and orientation, visitation. Hospital. Good average, clean, not too crowded, a beginning of occupational therapy. Number of patients to physicians, nurses? Not bad. Training of the nurse, psychiatrist? Sounds a bit inadequate. Outpatient department? No. Social workers? Yes. There is a great deal of talk about social work but it all seems a bit vague.

There is a department for children here. Two hundred of them—two hundred insane children? What in the world can that mean? Let's get there as quickly as possible. Ages? Eight to eighteen. Feebleminded? A few, not many. Then what? These are manic-depressive, these epileptic, these dementia praecox. Shades of German psychiatry! Here is a special section—for disturbed dementia praecox; a hallway with small rooms at either side, what in the old days we would have called "strong" rooms for disturbed patients. A lad of nine in his nightgown stands by his bed crying. He talks readily to our motherly interpreter—she has two of her own—and why does he cry? He wants to go home; he wants his mother and his brothers.

We continue through the wards. It is early afternoon of a pleasant autumn day. It is the rest hour and every child is in bed. None is asleep but all are in bed resting, the manic-depressives here and the dementia praecox there. Also the psychopathic personalities and the constitutional psychopathic inferiors. Mental Hygiene in Russia! One wishes that in some miraculous way one could waft Stevenson and Lowery and Kenworthy and Thom and Levy and a few automobile-loads of their assistants over here to clean out this place. It should be said, however, that on the physical side these children were receiving excellent care.

But if we can possibly get a toe-hold on a streetcar we must continue to the prison and perhaps there we will find evidence of mental hygiene.

BUT every doctor, every psychologist—it would seem almost every nurse if not some of the patients, even the eight-year-olds, has asked us if we have seen or if we would not like to visit the Museum of the Revolution, the Park of Culture and Rest, a factory, a food kitchen. This eternal propaganda! And it's all through the hospital—busts and pictures of Lenin and Karl Marx, every ward organized on a communistic basis with its chosen leader, again even to the eight-year-olds, each ward with its classes in socialism, each with its communistic paper prepared by the patients (hand-lettering on large manilla sheets) and fastened upon the wall.

The prison for women. Psychiatrists? Yes, but none is at the prison at the moment. All examined? Yes, it is believed so. Much abnormality found? No, not much, only occasionally. Psychologists? Yes, our informant is the psychologist. Intelligence tests? Y-e-s, with little enthusiasm. What is the average intellectual age? Oh, they are practically all normal; a few mental defectives, perhaps. How many? Not many. And your duties? Education. Reading and writing and the like? A little, not much; there are a large number of illiterates; these are organized into classes and taught by others. And your duties? Educational—which turns out to be teaching Communism. Social work? Yes; again very vague. Method of treat-

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ment? Occupational teaching, self-government and "education." Results? Good. Follow-up? Not much—but have you visited the Museum of the Revolution, the Park of Culture and Rest, a factory, a public kitchen!!!

Days of this—and yet, where is the mental hygiene? One has found the usual sort of thing: hospital, special school, clinic; has met psychiatrists, psychologists, pedologists and has heard much of social work. But one has found nothing exceptional. Good organization, good work here and there as it might be found anywhere; inferior work here and there as it might also be found anywhere. But certainly nothing worth traveling six thousands of miles to see.

And yet I was not discouraged, though I ached with the exertion of it all, this running about in a city with practically no taxis and too few streetcars. Weary and with nothing as reward I should have been discouraged. But I was not nor did I regret that I had come. I was glad that I had come. There *is* mental hygiene here. There is something to *learn*. One is somehow aware of this. But what and where is it?

IN a queer sort of way there is "mental hygiene" all over the place. There is something different about the crowds on the street; there is something different about the jams in the streetcars, about the patients in the hospitals, the convicts in the prisons, the children in the special schools. And with the professional people with whom I had talked—why were they a bit puzzled by all my questions, why were they not discouraged and a bit embarrassed at having to give so many negative or compromising answers? They should have been. But they weren't particularly; there was a something in them beyond these questions; there was an assurance and confidence in them that was not disturbed by their negative answers.

Dirt. I got the first clue to what I was seeking through dirt.

These people are dirty! Frightfully dirty! Did one ever see such hoards of shabby people, hoards that jam the smaller streets and swarm over the larger squares at all times of day and late into the night. And such people—bedraggled, patched and dirty. It is oppressive. But dirty? Frightfully dirty! Wait—an idea—the first ray of light. How about those streetcars?

For days I have been riding miles upon miles in those streetcars. It has been cool, sometimes rainy, so that the windows have been closed. For a half hour at a time I have been spread like a paste through those cars. No sardine box ever was so full as a Moscow streetcar; by comparison the New York subway at the rush hour is like a football game with the stands half empty. One is indeed a floating spirit. One's legs may be anywhere, one is not sure where they have gone. The only member one is aware of is the arm and hand with which one is clutching at someone. The other arm has floated off somewhere and one can only hope that it will return eventually with the legs. The solidity one feels around the middle, is it the ladies' buttocks or one's own stomach, and behind is it one's own buttocks or someone else's stomach? It does not really matter; for the moment we are just one solid body. Windows closed, scarcely enough air to breathe—and yet I was not ill; odors that should have turned one's stomach were not there. (Others report differently, I know. But I wonder. I can only report my own experience and what, as a shock, it revealed to me—about myself. Later, on inquiry, I learned that every section of the city has several community bathhouses and that they are popular and are much used.)

Because these people ought to be dirty, by my standards, they were dirty. Nowhere, in America, could one find so many people on the street dressed so shabbily—not in the worst sections of our cities. Such clothes mean dirt. Clothes twice as good would mean dirt and much dirt in America. Therefore they must mean dirt in Russia. But they didn't—and that was my clue.

I would have sworn I had come to Russia open-minded, even hopefully, and ready to learn. But I had brought a plan, a system, an idealogy with me. I had brought measuring-rods with which I was familiar. I thought I knew what I was to look for and how I was to judge it when I found it. I had gone to Russia as I might have gone to Indiana or Texas or Georgia to make a "survey." Although unaware of it, I had gone to Russia to see how much of *our* idea they had absorbed rather than to find out what *their* idea might be and how they were working it out and with what success.

Had I visited the Museum of the Revolution, the Park of Culture and Rest, a factory, a community kitchen?

Perhaps at the risk of propaganda it would be well to let the Russians tell me what is in their minds rather than for me to propagandize myself by collecting information at the end of my questionable questions.

How do the Russians conceive mental hygiene and how are they working out mental-hygiene problems in accordance with their conceptions? Another thought occurs at this time: we have long held that these things—hospitals, special schools and classes, court and prison clinics and the like, important social undertakings in themselves—are not "mental hygiene;" that they have come to be thought of as mental hygiene because they have been done under that name; but that mental hygiene must have to do with *keeping well people well,* of so organizing life and the emotional development of the individual that the anxieties and fears that lead to defensive reactions on his part and which end in inefficiency, unhappiness and often illness and anti-social conduct, be minimized so that he may be in position to contribute of his best. Is it possible that this idea, which has such feeble recognition in America, where our energy goes so preponderately into the rehabilitation of the perhaps 10 to 15 per cent of the population that has got into difficulty—in our efforts to solve the "crime" problem, the "problem of the feebleminded" and half a dozen other "problems"—is it possible that Russia is thinking in terms of 100 per cent of the population, of mental hygiene in a positive instead of a negative sense?

ROSENSTEIN (director of the State Institute for Mental Hygiene in Moscow) drops a remark. "The difference between mental hygiene in Russia and America," he says, "is that in America you have propaganda *about* mental hygiene and excellent work with individuals in your child-guidance clinics and clinics in the schools and colleges, while in Russia we have *mental-hygiene* propaganda and our work is with the mass rather than with the individual."

He has put it in a nutshell; and it is the thing we have been fumbling for for days. Now comes some light on why our questions were regarded with such puzzlement and why we were so frequently asked if we had seen the Museum of Revolution, the Park of Culture and Rest, a factory, a community kitchen. What we were asking about was not mental hygiene, except of a sort; these other things were mental hygiene.

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Why were we bothering with the one and paying no attention to the other?

So it was that I came to see that the difference between mental hygiene in America and mental hygiene in Russia is the difference between life, or the philosophy of life, in America, and life, or the philosophy of life, in Russia. As I said at the beginning, in America we live in a democracy, with equal opportunity for all and personal progress dependent upon the success of our competition with others. In Russia one lives—not in a communistic state—but in a state in the process of building a civilization based upon communism where the individual is important, but as a part of the group, and the group is important but only in the sense that it is made up of individuals. The two are the same thing. I am an individual but I am the group; I am the group but I am an individual. There is only one loyalty—to the group, but that is myself; or to myself, but that is the group. This sounds simple enough but what follows logically from it is not so easily grasped. It is however fundamental and nothing is to be understood in Russia until this is understood. Our difficulty in understanding it is because here we have nothing comparable. One has a loyalty here not to *a* group but to *many* groups and as the interests of these various groups often come into conflict, conflict arises within us.

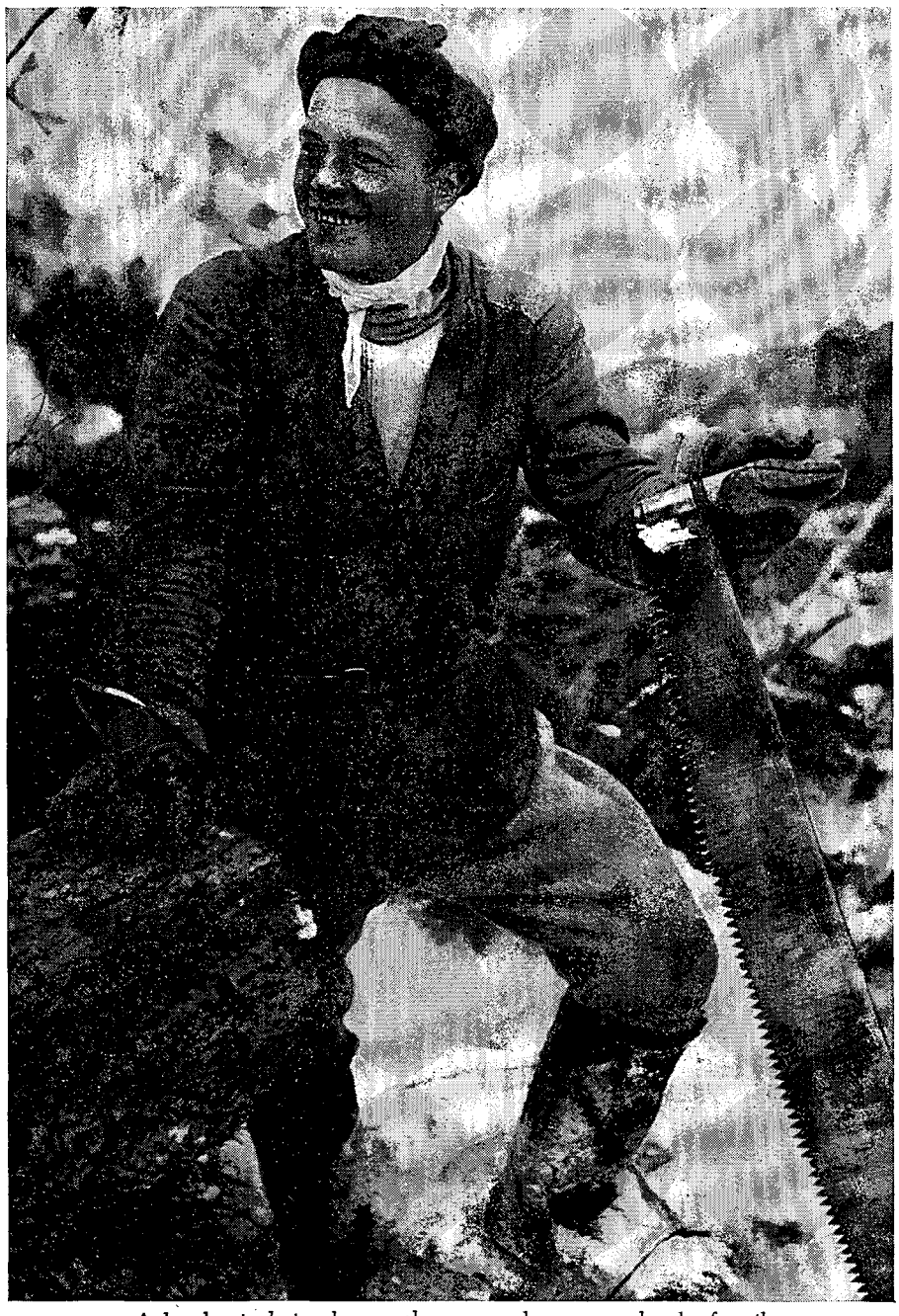
The first step in Russian mental hygiene therefore is the emphasis upon the worth-whileness of the individual—this may sound strange to many who have read about Russia—and the importance of what happens to the individual.

In a program as I outlined it earlier in this article so general as to coincide practically with a social program, what is the function of the psychiatrist or the psychologist?

To the limit of their personnel he is in the school, the prison, the court, the special agency, the *factory,* as here. But with this important difference. He is much interested in the individual who has become ill or maladjusted in his situation (as we are) and uses his best skill and the facilities at his command in recovering that individual—for that individual is important; the difference between illness and health is the difference between an effective and an ineffective. But that is not all of his function. His most important function is to see to it that the methods and procedure in the school, the prison, the agency, the *factory,* are such as to build up the mental health of those engaged there rather than to injure or destroy it. What a crazy place!

The school, the social agency, the prison, the clinic, the factory do not exist in and of themselves, each with an independent program. The school is not just providing "culture," the social agency "relief," the court "justice," the prison "reform," the clinic "adjustment," the factory stockings. There are not six programs here. There is but one program. There is, therefore no artificial antagonism between the psychiatrist and the principal of the school, the warden of the prison, the foreman of the factory. Each has the same objective—their part (school, agency, prison, factory) in the whole program (the one general program). There is but one question, therefore: How can we gain our objective, that is, contribute our part to the whole? In other words, again, unified activity not cooperative activity, and a unity of activity that obtains both within an organization and between organizations.

It all sounds a bit fantastic, as of a world gone mad. Who ever heard of human beings behaving like that? But the most fantastic part of it all is that it is actually in process, although not accomplished, to be sure, among 160 millions of people spread over a third of the earth's surface. And the greatest fraud of all is that it would seem to be nothing but the commonest kind of common-sense. So common that one wonders how one could have been so fooled.



A lumberjack in the northern woods, once a land of exile

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"I Am Opposed to Any . . . Dole"

From the Message to Congress, December 8, of
PRESIDENT HOOVER

IN meeting the problems of this difficult period, we have witnessed a remarkable development of the sense of cooperation in the community. For the first time in the history of our major economic depressions there has been a notable absence of public disorders and industrial conflict. Above all there is an enlargement of social and spiritual responsibility among the people.

The strains and stresses upon business have resulted in closer application, in saner policies and in better methods. Public improvements have been carried out on a larger scale than even in normal times. The country is richer in physical property, in newly discovered resources and in productive capacity than ever before. There has been constant gain in knowledge and education; there has been continuous advance in science and invention; there has been distinct gain in public health. Business depressions have been recurrent in the life of our country and are but transitory. . . .

The emergencies of unemployment have been met by action in many directions. The appropriations for the continued speeding up of the great federal construction program have provided direct and indirect aid to employment upon a large scale. By organized unity of action the states and municipalities have also maintained large programs of public improvement.

Many industries have been prevailed upon to anticipate and intensify construction. Industrial concerns and other employers have been organized to spread available work amongst all their employes, instead of discharging a portion of them. A large majority have maintained wages at as high levels as the safe conduct of their business would permit. This course has saved us from the industrial conflict and the disorder which have characterized all previous depressions.

Immigration has been curtailed by administrative action. Upon the basis of normal immigration the decrease amounts to about 300,000 individuals who otherwise would have been added to our unemployment. The expansion of federal employment agencies under appropriations by Congress has proved most effective.

Through the President's Organization for Unemployment Relief, public and private agencies were successfully mobilized last winter to provide employment and other measures against distress. Similar organization gives assurance against suffering during the coming winter. Committees of leading citizens are now active at practically every point of unemployment. In the large majority they have been assured the funds necessary which, together with local government aids, will meet the situation. A few exceptional localities will be further organized.

The evidence of the Public Health Service shows an actual decrease of sickness and infant and general mortality below normal years. No greater proof could be adduced that our people have been protected from hunger and cold, and that the sense of social responsibility in the nation has responded to the need of the unfortunate. . . .

We must avoid burdens upon the government which will create more unemployment in private industry than can be gained by further expansion of employment by the federal government. We can now stimulate employment and agriculture more effectually and speedily through the voluntary measures in progress, through the thawing out of credit, through the building up of stability abroad, through the home loan discount banks, through an emergency finance corporation and the rehabilitation of the railways and other such directions.

I am opposed to any direct or indirect government dole. The breakdown and increased unemployment in Europe is due in part to such practices. Our people are providing against distress from unemployment in true American fashion by a magnificent response to public appeal and by action of the local governments. . . .

IF the individual surrenders his own initiative and responsibilities, he is surrendering his own freedom and his own liberty. It is the duty of the national government to insist that both the local governments and the individual shall assume and bear these responsibilities as a fundamental of preserving the very basis of our freedom.

Many vital changes and movements of vast proportions are taking place in the economic world. The effect of these changes upon the future cannot be seen clearly as yet. Of this, however, we are sure: Our system, based upon the ideals of individual initiative and of equality of opportunity, is not an artificial thing. Rather it is the outgrowth of the experience of America, and expresses the faith and spirit of our people.

It has carried us in a century and a half to leadership of the economic world. If our economic system does not match our highest expectations at all times, it does not require revolutionary action to bring it into accord with any necessity that experience may prove. It has successfully adjusted itself to changing conditions in the past. It will do so again.

The mobility of our institutions, the richness of our resources and the abilities of our people enable us to meet them unafraid. It is a distressful time for many of our people, but they have shown qualities as high in fortitude, courage and resourcefulness as ever in our history.

With that spirit, I have faith that out of it will come a sounder life, a truer standard of values, a greater recognition of the results of honest effort and a healthier atmosphere in which to rear our children. Ours must be a country of such stability and security as cannot fail to carry forward and enlarge among all the people that abundant life of material and spiritual opportunity which it has represented among all nations since its beginning.

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The Case for Federal Relief

By GIFFORD PINCHOT

IS this nation, as a nation, to reach out a hand to help those of its people who through no fault of their own are in desperation and distress? Shall federal aid be granted in this great national crisis? It is not a question of ability to help. We are the richest nation on earth. If federal aid is needed, it can be granted. Congress has only to say the word. Shall the answer be yes or no?

My answer is yes. To my mind it is the only possible answer. Prolonged study and profound conviction support my belief that federal aid in this depression is our clear duty and our best hope of prompt and permanent recovery. Two solid years of bad times have taught us that we can no longer consider our condition as an unfortunate accident which will automatically right itself if left alone. Gentle bedside language can do nothing for us.

Our methods so far have been restricted substantially to local relief. Those in high places have continually insisted that a national emergency be met with local aid alone. They have left it all, with the exception of a bit of benevolent advertising, to the states and communities themselves. To requests and plans for federal aid they have cried "dole, dole." Why aid given by the nation should be a dole, and precisely the same aid given by a state or a city should not be a dole, I have never been able to understand.

Of course none of us wants the dole. None of us is in favor of establishing any system which will give the unemployed money or even food when work can be given instead. But that choice is not before us. Industry and business are not giving men the chance to work. Nor are they feeding the unemployed. We must feed them if they are to live. We must feed them if they are to retain any confidence in the government under which they live.

Crying "dole" has not helped the unemployed, but it has served a very definite purpose, that of restricting relief to local sources. Then what about local relief? In what direction has it headed us?

A nation-wide Community Chest campaign was backed to the hilt by the most persuasive and efficient forces that charitable leaders could muster. We can all rejoice that in many cases the quotas were subscribed. The quality of neighborliness, the virtue of sympathy have not died out. We never feared they had. But if the full quotas aimed at were everywhere collected would they be sufficient to cover the needs of the winter? They would not. Responsible social workers tell me the quotas were fixed on the basis of what the chest managers believed that the communities could be made to subscribe. They were often small in proportion to the real needs. The people who think they can wash their hands, now that the chest drives are over, and go away on trips to Florida should think again.

Where does the bulk of local relief come from? Who carries the load? It comes from and is carried by those who pay taxes to the municipal and county and sometimes to state governments. The Russell Sage Foundation, reporting for eighty-one cities, found that in past years private funds supplied only 28 per cent of the relief. Tax funds supplied the other 72 per cent. In some cities over 90 per cent came from tax funds.

How are these taxes raised? The answer is that municipalities raise their funds mainly through real estate and other property taxes. Local relief of this kind means an increase in property taxes. This increase in property taxes and the sort of enforced charity by which industry takes a day's pay out of every twenty or so in the month from workers, even from scrubwomen in offices, to help swell relief funds—that is how the program of local relief works out. Yet it is substantially true that every cent a man of small means contributes to relief either directly or indirectly through increased taxes is taken out of consumption. His buying power is immediately slowed down by exactly that much. And the slowing down of buying power means the slowing down of the wheels of industry. Here, then, is the heart of the local-relief plan. By cutting down consuming power, it can only serve to further our economic maladjustment and to sink us deeper in the hole.

NOW in considering what plan we are to advance in addition to, or as a total or partial substitute for local relief, it might be well for us to investigate the flaws in our economic structure which brought our present troubles upon us. There ought to be very little doubt that the largest single cause was production beyond the power of the people to consume. Through the years called prosperous, no stone was left unturned which would help perfect or increase our national productive power. Technological improvements, financial devices such as mergers, high-pressure sales campaigns, instalment buying and other credit schemes, all tended to the same end. All helped to raise production to new and dangerous heights, and to leave normal consuming power farther and farther behind.

Instead of sharing with labor the profits of increased production, industry shunted the wealth back to itself. Wage-earners were encouraged, persuaded, cajoled to spend their money buying goods. If they couldn't pay for them now, they should buy on the instalment plan. They should borrow money, if necessary. But they should buy. No real American, they were told, could be without his radio and his automobile.

And what happened to the money spent in buying? Did a reasonable part of it go back, in increased wages, to the working-man's pocket so that the circle of producing and consuming could go on? It did not. It went in staggering disproportion to dividends and capital. It went back to industry so that production might be increased, even at the expense of consuming power.

This is no wild guess. This is fact with figures to support it. Julius Klein, assistant secretary of commerce, tells us that in the decade ending in 1929, real wages increased only

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13 per cent while the returns to all industry increased 72 per cent. Where did the 72 per cent come from but out of the spent wages of the millions and millions of workingmen? Dr. Klein tells us the dividends in industrial and rail stocks increased by 285 per cent, twenty-two times as fast as wages. Is it any wonder that the crash of depression came? Increased production served only to turn the national wealth into two tremendously unequal channels. By far the bulk of that wealth went back in a torrent to capital and production. A tiny stream returned to purchasing power through wages.

Was over-production and the disregard of consuming power entirely accidental? I think not. To me it is inconceivable that the great experts in business and economics who have taken over the banking, industrial and political control of the country can have been blind to what was going on. As early as 1921 the Federated American Engineering Societies reported that many of our large industries were overdeveloped: Clothing 45 per cent, printing 50 per cent, shoes 50 per cent, coal 50 per cent. Yet throughout the whole decade the Department of Commerce used every power of persuasion to bring industry to the highest point of mass production.

IF the drive for super-production had been coupled with a drive for an increased return to labor and consumers the result might have been very different. If it had been combined with an arrangement for providing men discharged because of labor-saving machinery and mergers with a dismissal wage it might have been helpful. It was coupled with nothing of the sort.

What it was coupled with was a campaign on the part of the Treasury Department to reduce taxation on great wealth. That campaign was not only successful but oversuccessful. Not only was the excess-profits tax repealed but the income tax on the higher brackets was reduced.

Meanwhile what was happening to consuming power? What about maintaining the buying ability of those millions of wage-earners who would have to use the extra goods turned out by glorified production? Take bituminous coal. In 1923 the people paid $900,000 for a Coal Commission to direct stabilization of that industry, already in bad shape. Its report and its recommendations were killed in cold blood while the administration looked calmly on. Take agriculture. For years the farm organizations have battled in vain for the stabilization measures which were so badly needed. Take the stock market. Some years ago when speculation was getting out of hand and the Senate had begun to study the situation, the then president concisely announced that the amount of brokers loans was not too high. Never before had a president undertaken to support the stock market.

In all this record not a plan was made—let alone carried out—for stabilizing purchasing power. Not a prop was put beneath consuming ability while producing ability was being reared to such dizzy heights. Our national leaders, those same leaders who have been insisting on local relief, lent willing hands in the development of a prosperity so one-sided that it could not stand.

Before going further let us see what sort of an economic structure these men have been building—these men who have consistently opposed the idea of federal relief. By the steady drying up of the springs of purchasing power and the overstimulation of production, there has been developed in this country the most astounding concentration of wealth in the hands of a few men that the world has ever known. Here is the basic evil which has brought on the depression, and which we must guard against in planning relief for the future. Here is the evil which is protected and fostered by local-relief plans.

In 1926 the Federal Trade Commission made a report to the Senate on National Wealth and Income. They had studied the county court records of over forty thousand estates. The records came from twelve states and stretched over a twelve-year period. The counties studied had been chosen to represent not only every section of the country from coast to coast but also every sort of district from the farms to the congested cities. They found that in this sampling one per cent of the people owned about 60 per cent of the wealth, that sixty dollars out of every hundred were owned by one person out of every hundred. They found that 40 per cent of the wealth, forty dollars out of every hundred, were left for the other 99 per cent of the people. In other words, one person out of every hundred was considerably richer than the other ninety-nine put together. They found further that 13 per cent of the people owned more than 90 per cent of the wealth. And at the other end, 77 per cent of the people owned only 5 per cent of the wealth. Three quarters of the people could have added up all their fortunes and it would come to a bare twentieth of the total. In 1929 the National Bureau of Economic Research made a careful study of all the incomes in this country for 1926. They found that four and a half thousand people received that year an average of almost $240,000 apiece. And at the bottom of the heap, forty-four million people had incomes of about one thousand dollars each, or less than one half of one per cent of the separate incomes of those at the top.

Most recent figures are yet more amazing. In 1929 the per capita income in this country was $700 for every man, woman and child. But according to the Treasury Department's preliminary estimate, over five hundred persons had in that year incomes of over a million dollars apiece. Their total income was $1,185,000,000. They received, these five hundred odd, the average shares of 1,692,000 people.

THE facts of concentration alone are impressive enough. But even more so are the indications of how tremendously that concentration increased in the years during which it received governmental encouragement. The figures for these years tell all too vividly the story of a nation building toward disaster by unbalancing its economic equilibrium. On March 20, 1931 the National Industrial Conference Board published in its bulletin figures representing the total income of the nation for several years back. In 1920 we made over seventy-four billion dollars. In 1928 we made eighty-one billion dollars. In eight years we had increased our income by a little less than one tenth.

But the Treasury Department's latest annual statistics of income reveal some particularly interesting things to compare with that one tenth. In 1920 there were 3649 people who had incomes of over $100,000. In 1928 that number had jumped to 15,977. It had doubled and then doubled again and was still going up. In 1920 those people made a total of over 727 million dollars. But in 1928, those who had the hundred-thousand-dollar incomes and up

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received about four and a half billion dollars—more than six times as much money. And all this, remember, while the incomes of all our people increased one lone tenth of its previous figure.

Then how about the men who receive a million a year? In 1920 there were thirty-three of them and they got 77 million dollars. In 1928 there were 511 of them, fifteen times as many, and they got over a billion dollars, or fourteen times as much. The national income had meanwhile increased by one tenth. Finally look at our fellow-citizens who get a paltry five million a year. In 1920 there were four of them and they collected not quite thirty million dollars. But by 1928 they had added twenty-two new members to their exclusive circle, and the twenty-six of them were forced to get along with an income of a little over 250 million dollars among them.

In other words, in the eight-year period between 1920 and 1928, while the total national income increased less than 10 per cent, the number of men with incomes of over a million dollars increased over 1400 per cent, or one hundred and forty times as fast. And the amount of money these men made in one year increased 1300 per cent, or one hundred and thirty times as fast as the total amount of money made by everybody in the whole of the United States. They certainly got their share!

THE same astounding concentration of wealth and power is seen in the industrial world. A study of corporate wealth and of the influence of large corporations was published this year in The American Economic Review. The conclusions reached are eye-openers. In 1927, there were over 300,000 industrial corporations in this country. Two hundred of the 300,000, less than seven hundredths of one per cent, controlled 45 per cent of the total wealth of all these corporations. The same two hundred received over 40 per cent of all corporate income, and controlled over 35 per cent of all business wealth. Furthermore, about 20 per cent of the wealth of this entire nation was in the hands of those two hundred corporations.

Truly the growth of these two hundred giant corporations has been almost beyond belief. In the ten years up to 1929 their assets grew from under 44 billion to 78 billion dollars, an increase of 78 per cent. The author of the study, Prof. Gardiner C. Means, asserts that if their indicated rate of growth continues in the future they will own within twenty years virtually half of our national wealth. Professor Means then emphasizes an extremely important fact. He says that in 1927, less than two thousand men were directors of these two hundred corporations. Since many of them were inactive, the ultimate control of more than one third of industry was actually in the hands of a few hundred men. And according to present indications it will still be only a few hundred men who by 1950 will control half of the wealth of this entire nation.

It is this almost unbelievable concentration of wealth which has killed the consuming power of the average millions and has brought our misfortunes upon us. It is this same incredible concentration which is the chief obstacle in our path to permanent prosperity. And it is the Senegambian in the local-relief woodpile. For if we examine statements and actions of the proponents of local relief, we find that they weave together into a surprisingly harmonious pattern. That pattern does not spell relief for the unemployed. What it spells is persistent shielding of concentrated wealth—not relief for the needy but release for the millionaire.

The local-relief advocates are prolific in denials of any excessive distress. Yet I know that there are almost a million men unemployed in the State of Pennsylvania alone. If my state were typical of the rest of the nation there would be not far from ten million unemployed in the country.

Next we have statements to the effect that wage-earners are not so badly off because prices have been dropping along with wages. That argument is answered by the government's figures. Commissioner of Labor Statistics Stewart of the U. S. Department of Labor announced on October 1, 1931 that from June 1929 to June 1931 the cost of living went down less than 12 per cent. In the same period, he stated, the total wage decrease was about 40 per cent. Wages actually paid dropped more than three times as far as prices.

The local-relief advocates have also laid unwarranted emphasis on federal public works. Their construction program, they say, has greatly relieved distress and they point out that the number of men employed in the federal construction program last month was fifty thousand. We have had the past summer half that number employed on state highways alone in Pennsylvania. And fifty thousand is no large percentage of the millions unemployed, after two years of depression. Is it any wonder that President William Green of the American Federation of Labor calls this "only a drop in the bucket" toward relieving unemployment?

Finally, there are the plans now under way to make up the federal deficit the depression has caused.

Treasury proposals to increase the income taxes recommend that the exemptions be lowered and the base of the tax be spread. In other words, much or most of the increase is to come from the little fellows. Certain leaders, among them Senator Reed, advocate a sales tax. A sales tax is simply another way of putting the burden on small business. They do far and away the largest part of the nation's buying and a sales tax would fall mainly on them. Does a sales tax reach the hoarded millions of the over-rich? Does it take money from the coffers of the large manufacturing corporations? It does not. It is another way of seeing to it that concentrated wealth shall remain concentrated.

THERE is only one conclusion to be drawn from all this: the safeguarding of money in the hands of an incredibly small number of incredibly rich men. The force behind the stubborn opposition to federal relief is fear lest the taxation to provide that relief be levied on concentrated wealth—fear lest the policy of years, the policy of shielding the big fortunes at the expense of the little ones, should at long last be tossed into the discard.

In the name of those who are overburdened now, I demand that the tax rates on the upper-bracket incomes be increased. In their name I demand that the graduation of the inheritance tax be steepened. And in their name I demand that the exemptions and the lower-bracket tax rates be left untouched. To meddle with them is to trifle with disaster and to invite the depression to stay. When I ask that the top rates of the income and estate taxes be raised enough to pay for federal relief (*Continued on page* 390)

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MOTHER AND CHILD

Adventures in Contentment

Two Etchings by
JOHN E. COSTIGAN

Courtesy Babcock Galleries, New York

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IN THE FIELD

MEMBER of the National Academy, self-taught, and a long list of awards and American collections in which he is represented—so run the annals of the artist, John E. Costigan. He portrays his wife and children in the country about his New York State farm: natural human beings and Nature integrated. Each of his paintings and prints is but a stanza of a lyric on domestic happiness. But this simple song is a wholesome world's song.

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Are Women Losing Ground?

By HELEN FIELD

TO be wanted is almost as universal a craving as hunger. Nearly every human being has this instinct. But in different people the desire to be wanted is satisfied in different ways; some are nourished by their family's need for them, others find gratification in a career or in the knowledge that they are indispensible to a business or industrial enterprise.

In the years before the depression a great many women, especially single women, substituted professional accomplishment for domestic importance. In place of the private domain around the fireside, their scene has been some office. Holding a high place in its organization, they have indeed felt needed.

A stab at this normal human impulse is dangerous in the extreme. In reading of unemployment we hear so much about the loss of morale. Penury and the pinch of hunger enter in: but personal deflation, the shrinking of one's sense of importance, more than any other consideration, it seems to me, is the cause of this loss of morale.

My work has brought me in contact with hundreds of such women the past year, and increasingly the fear has haunted me that their status in important fields of business and industry is being undermined, that they are up against something more serious and subtle than the tragedy of being out of a job.

When the Wall Street Branch of the Emergency Work Bureau in New York opened for the registration of women in late October, there was a frantic rush for work. Out of the twenty people I interviewed the first morning, fifteen were capable of doing an organizing or executive job. They were alert, educated, finely poised young women, most of them college graduates. They had earned from $1800 to $7500 a year. They were one and all not only willing but eager to take any position they could find. Only one of them would have refused clerical work at a $15 wage. As I talked with them I had an apologetic feeling for being the one who happened to be sitting in front of the desk, instead of beside it. . . . I had security, but I felt it was merely because I had got there first.

Ten of these fifteen young women were the next day themselves interviewing the long and variegated lines of unemployed white-collar girls who hoped to receive emergency relief work. No finer ten could have been chosen if weeks had been taken to select them in normal times.

As these ten interviewers sat talking to the daily line of applicants, they found woman after woman in the identical situation in which I had found them. Women who rode into business on the wave of great economic and professional activity which followed the war. Women who had been in charge of offices, promoted from stenographic to secretarial, and from secretarial to executive positions. Women who, when they were asked, "Are you a stenographer?" regretfully replied, "I used to be, but it is ages since I touched a typewriter. You see, I have been in charge of the office and have had twelve girls working under me. But I'll *try* anything." Those women were at the point of desperation.

LET me tell you of two of them, guarding by slight changes against any possible identification.

With a Ph.D. after her name and an outstanding record at Columbia, Miss Lane had specialized in applied sociology. After her professional training, she had been engaged by a large factory in Massachusetts to act as personnel supervisor to three thousand employes. With a capable staff to assist her, she did the hiring, the firing and the promoting. Under her jurisdiction was an elaborate scheme of social adjustment; recreational programs, housing, clinics and hospital were all subject to her command. For a man, this professional scope would have been large. It was phenomenal for a woman. Her salary of $5000 supported an invalid mother.

For five years Miss Lane not only sat in conferences with the factory managers but was active in all matters affecting the lives of three thousand employes and their families. Sometimes she bandaged a cut finger when the doctor was out on call; on one memorable occasion she persuaded an irate Italian father not to kill the tall Swede who had compromised his pretty daughter.

Then she took a sabbatical year abroad. She needed a rest and she was eager to study again. The factory gave her half-salary during her leave of absence.

When she returned to this country, industry was shrouded under the heavy blanket of depression. Many factory chimneys were smokeless. Groups of idle men and women stood waiting about the street corners of her once busy New England town. Miss Lane was not reengaged. The factory could not afford her. The work she had formerly done, which had shrunk considerably in its scope, had been taken over by one of the men executives.

She came to New York, which was her native heath, confident that she would soon be reinstated in her career, perhaps not at $5000 a year, but certainly there would be a niche for her somewhere. A department

The War opened up innumerable opportunities for trained women. Like hungry boys rushing into an apple orchard, they entered business and industry. Hard times, like a farmer with a big stick, is now driving them out again. Are they to be kept out? Is the present crisis not only dislodging women from positions, but in the long run will it be found to have deprived them of a wide variety of new vocations? The issue was broached at a conference held in New York in late November by the American Woman's Association. Here Mrs. Field gives a close-up picture from her experience in the New York Emergency Bureau

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store perhaps. Six years ago she had been in a position to choose between several alluring offers!

By the time she reached me every possible source of work had been tapped. There was nothing in her line. Organizing, supervising, hiring—such jobs did not seem to exist.

I asked her how much money she had, and discovered that she had not eaten for two days. She had been living on milk given her by the Sheffield Farms Company in exchange for empty bottles which she collected each morning from the janitor of the building in which she lived.

She was ready to take anything. We found her some piece-work on a new encyclopedia at a very low wage. Words instead of people! Dry symbols, paper and ink in the place of factory machines operated by vivid Italian laborers, or the clanging of an ambulance bell!

Where were her friends? Most of them had loaned her money which she could not pay back. She was loath to go to them again. They were feeling poor and she knew that a welcome is not repeatedly extended to borrowers.

Caught in the disabling set of circumstances to which she has become a victim, Miss Lane is not growing keener or wiser. Only more caustic. Disillusionment and bitterness do not add to one's social or professional desirability. The world still loves a confident manner and a smiling face. Her savings are gone; her resourcefulness is exhausted. It does not seem probable that she will be reinstated in a position such as the one she lost.

MRS. CHURCH is an exquisite woman, dainty and charming. Entirely composed, she told me of her great need of work. No, they had no children; her husband was an invalid. They had had a delightful life of travel until about two years ago when he was stricken with a virulent form of arthritis. He was forced to give up his work and gradually they had abolished all luxuries. Now they were compelled to go without even ordinary comforts. They were anxious about their next meal.

She had graduated from an eastern women's college. Then she had studied extensively in Paris and Florence, her particular field being philology. She was as intensely interested in the history and origin of words as Miss Lane had been in human relations. After completing her education she had obtained an important position in the Library of the Vatican and had lived an idyllic life among the American colony in Rome. Then had come her marriage. Returning to America with her husband they had been very happy until his illness. Mrs. Church mentioned her unusual training and experience with an endearing modesty. Her record and her personality were both so unique that I determined to try to help her find work in her own field. We scoured the city for a library opening of some kind and finally heard of a job which sounded promising. It was in the large private library of a wealthy Fifth Avenue home. The position was to pay $2000 a year, which sounded like the discovery of riches to Mrs. Church. She left my desk with an appointment card in her hand, her face radiant.

The next day the woman in charge of that library telephoned me. She was enthusiastic about my applicant; she described her as "rare," a "delicious and intelligent little person." But—the sad news came as a real blow—she had not employed her. The director of the library felt that the job open was of far too routine and subordinate a nature for a person of such high attainments and such training. Mrs. Church was "too fine a tool."

She was too good for the job! (How often employers offer this objection nowadays!) Yet she possessed to an unusual degree the gentle art of never letting you know that she knew more than you did. And if intellectuality is ever suitable in a woman—surely it might be excused in a librarian! Had Mrs. Church been a typist with a slight knowledge of lettering, the job would have been hers.

In this case, training and proficiency were clearly the cause of her setback.

IN coming to us, Miss Lane and Mrs. Church and others of their kind were applicants for work relief to be provided by the Emergency Fund—five days a week at $3 a day in some public or philanthropic organization. Registration offices had been set up in different parts of the city. Four hundred applicants came to the Wall Street Branch the first day, three hundred the second. Numbers equally large went to the Bronx, Harlem and Midtown branch offices. But when the hundreds of tired women applying discovered that these offices were for registration only and that jobs were not given out except at the main office, the pressure soon focused there. One morning in November a line of women four deep reached down the block waiting for admission at nine o'clock. In their ranks were, of course, all sorts and conditions of women—unemployables as well as unemployed; disease, degeneracy, mishap and incompetence that long antedated the depression brought some of them there. But among them, in greater ratio than last year, were these women who possessed health and training and fitness, and whose capacities had lifted them above the crowd in one calling or another.

This year as last there were colorful figures among them. A lady lion tamer for one. Actresses out of work are always pathetic because they find it so difficult to adapt themselves to anything outside the stage. Miss Vetere, for example, is an English woman who has been in this country for twenty years writing, and producing her own skits in vaudeville. She is still charming in appearance though dangerously grazing fifty. (Actresses have a way of keeping their beauty astonishingly long—and then suddenly aging way beyond their years.) With Miss Vetere this point had not yet been reached. She was however intensely nervous, and her left forefinger bore the mark of continuous smoking. She had an aged mother. They had relinquished the careless extravagance of hotel life for a cheap apartment and finally had both moved into a dingy furnished room on the Upper West Side. "We are fond of each other," she said, "but poverty is making us get on each other's nerves. Mother worries about me and I snap at mother. Then I hate myself." The old circle: nerves producing nerves!

I asked her if she had had no work at all for these last two years and she told me of what she had been doing. She had ridden as a "bumper" on a Coney Island bus; $20 a week for seven months. Bumpers, it seems, are engaged to ride all day from 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. on a sightseeing bus for the purpose of attracting other passengers. No one gets into an empty bus, but one or two passengers seated inside give the impression of imminent departure and other people decide to take the trip.

"This continuous riding was terribly tiring. It nearly drove me mad. I ended with a nervous breakdown—now I *must* find something to do!"

But where was I to send her? A selling job? Perhaps. But selling jobs are few and far between these days. Cler-

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ical work? No. Accuracy and detail were temperamentally alien to Miss Vetere. I looked at her hands. They were slender and capable. She caught my idea—"Yes, I can work with my hands."

A museum was Miss Vetere's fate. She was to earn $18 a week mounting butterflies for seven hours a day. An active life on the stage, always the center of people was what she was used to. Now she is forced to spend long days at a routine, manual job of intricate finger detail. Her stage is set now in the dim light behind the glass cases of a sedate botanical museum. A pin can be heard to drop in this somber and denatured atmosphere. . . .

A penny for your thoughts, Miss Vetere.

But through it all I have been most impressed by the women of high attainments who have found the firm ground on which they walked out in the business world turn into quicksand. Some of them have been of the adventurous type and now learn that along with the equality of opportunity they so eagerly sought with men is equality, or more, of risk. And for this unfortunately many of them were not prepared. From the multitude of human stories to which I have listened during the past year it is my impression that wage-earning women have not taken as seriously as men the responsibility of providing for their own future.

ONE woman applying for an emergency job was shabby, almost ragged in appearance, but her face bore indelible marks of culture and refinement. I questioned her diffidently, as I always do these people to whom any questioning must be a humiliation. This was her story:

Miss Smith was a graduate of the University of Iowa and for fifteen years had been a highly successful newspaper woman, earning up to $4000 a year. She had traveled extensively, and seen a great deal of the world. Her pen had been her fortune, and she had made it work for her in whatever country she wished to visit. She now blames herself.

"I should have stayed in Chicago where I started my career and not yielded to the temptation to travel. But I was so anxious to see the world and I never had any trouble in finding a job."

Her portfolio contained clippings from the best newspapers in the country. Fine-grained, she blamed herself instead of fate. She showed no resentful bitterness—no feeling that the world owed her a living.

I asked her how her money had held out and learned that when it was gone, she had pocketed the tattered remnants of her pride, walked into a cheap Sixth Avenue restaurant and told the proprietor she was hungry. She had offered to write some card advertising slogans for window display in return for her meals and was subsisting thus when she came in to me and asked for any kind of work we could get for her. She was ready to become a domestic in somebody's home.

Success, independence, her name in print—these are vanishing phantoms on the horizon of a prosperous past!

BUT in an impressive number of cases, not adventure but the steady application of their ability to some one line was the past work record of the women who applied for work relief. Mrs. Fiske was one of these. Her mouth had tightened into fine, bitter little lines. She is well along in middle-age, very smart in appearance, a Vassar graduate, a widow for some years. She has been a successful business woman since her graduation from college, climbing one step higher year after year, with perfect assurance. Her last connection had been of five years duration and had brought her to the head of a department at $100 a week.

At first she was not much disturbed by unemployment because she was sure a good position was waiting just around the corner. She therefore kept up her standard of living, which was one of moderate luxury—a small modern apartment, a fur coat and extremely nice clothes. She was obligated by a lease.

Month after month went by and Mrs. Fiske failed to find a position. She tried interior decorating, but it petered out. Her savings supported an aged father in Philadelphia. Gradually she got into debt, then she began to sell, one by one, her furnishings, even some of her clothes. By the time she came to me she was worried and deeply resentful. Out of adversity some women gather calm. I have been struck by the number who have taken up some cult-religion to lean on. Others develop a bitterness which makes them forbidding and difficult.

Mrs. Fiske was one of these. She refused to consider a small salary and refused to do mediocre work. She saw no reason why she should deform her abilities. Her particular grudge against the world of business was, as she put it, that men were hiring only "blonde flappers" and that it was her age which made employers turn her away over and over again. She bitterly resented their preference for brainless flappers, as she caustically described the younger generation of women in business. Her obsession on this point made *her* seem older and less desirable. The last I heard of Mrs. Fiske was that she had renounced her pride and as she would have expressed her surrender, "entered the doors" of a charitable organization.

MRS. AMES is another woman the graph of whose professional life up to the time of the crash showed a steady rise. For twelve years she had been associated with the large department stores of the city in the capacity of stylist. Each time she had moved on she had moved up in response to a higher bid for her services.

When she came to the Emergency Work Bureau for the first time, the bottom had dropped out of this career. Two weeks before she had moved from the comfortable women's hotel in which she had lived for several years to a shabby furnished room. She should have altered her mode of life long before, but like many of these women she had felt that the maintenance of a normal standard of living would improve her chances of finding a position again. She feared that drastic reduction in the comforts of life would act as a concrete and depressing symbol of defeat.

Handsome and smartly dressed in last year's coat, she had the gift of immaculacy and knew how to wear her clothes. I could hardly believe that she had come to apply for help. When I heard the names of the firms for which she had worked and the salaries she had earned and the trips abroad her various positions had afforded her, it was even more difficult for me to accept the fact that she was now down to her last few dollars and a subject for relief work.

Why had she not put money aside? Of course she should have done just this. But there was a young family out in Michigan, her sister, who was married to an underpaid teacher, and their four children. Denied the warmth of a home and children in her own life, it had been Miss Ames' personal indulgence to contribute comforts and minor luxuries to this group out west. (*Continued on page* 393)

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Does Money Make the Marriage Go?

By CHASE GOING WOODHOUSE

MONEY and marriage is today an absorbing but controversial topic. The troubles of the present-day married pair are caused by too much money, too much emphasis upon material things, upon luxuries unheard of a half century ago, upon a desire for speed, for constant coming and going, and a round of pleasure with thought only for the wishes of the individual.

They are caused by too little money, by the strain the economic and social system puts upon the man and more and more upon the woman as she too enters paid work outside the home, by the fatigue engendered by household cares and routine forced upon the wife by limited income.

Money does not count at all. Given real sexual compatibility happiness is assured, regardless of poverty or wealth.

So the theorists. Pay your penny and take your choice.

But first it might be interesting in these times of stress to discover what the married folk themselves think about money and marriage—at least those of the great middle class who, after all, are probably the ones who decide what everybody is doing and saying on the subject.

Such persons have been telling their woes to the judges of the divorce courts. They have also been encouraged in recent times to discuss their troubles and less often their successes with social investigators desirous of case records for study from families ranking above the clients of relief agencies and clinics. Now what are their ideas and how do they behave on money matters?

JUDGE BARTLETT, after listening to hundreds of couples in the divorce courts of Reno, lays much stress on the economic factor as an element in discord. Recognizing that "successful lovers weather storms that would crush frail semi-platonic unions," he still believes that many storms could be prevented if boys and girls were properly trained in the spending of money and in the practical side of running a household. If sex and compatibility are the two most important factors in the break-up of a marriage the economic factor is, in his experience at least, a close third. Like Hamilton, he finds women much more sensitive than men to money problems and suggests that their desire for a clear-cut family financial arrangement is one important to meet.

G. V. Hamilton, starting from quite a different basis, finds certain elements of the money situation well worth consideration in marriage. In his group of one hundred husbands and one hundred wives, well educated business and professional people living in or near New York City, the men proved more happily married than did the women. Size of income seemed to play little part in the married happiness of the men. But not so for the wives! While 45 per cent of all the wives were happy, 54 per cent of those with rich husbands were happy while this was true of only 36 per cent of the wives of poor husbands.

Why? Hamilton does not say. He explains the unhappiness of the women thus: "If we get right down to the one outstanding difficulty of married life for these women, it is the sexual relationship. If we want to add another that seems always present as a subject of complaint—though perhaps it is only a handy peg for hanging a grudge based on some deeper dissatisfaction—it is economic worry." Still, the wives of the richer men were apparently able to do more about these deeper dissatisfactions than were those of the poorer.

Comparing the attitudes of these husbands and wives Hamilton finds the women far more sensitive over money, more conscious of strife over finances, more apprehensive of the threat of poverty, fearful that their husbands think them extravagant. Earning, they are more unhappy than when dependent. His conclusion contains many morals for theories of women's education: "Things in past childhood are causing the trouble blamed on money and men must exert the greatest amount of thought and consideration to do away with all the irritations over money which go to complicate men and women's already very complicated difficulties over marriage."

There are explanations for the way these wives behave on money questions. After all does not social tradition play a role here? Nobody gets excited over something of which he is certain. The man has been so definitely accepted as the decisive factor in money matters that he gives no thought to his position. The wife, on the other hand, is still struggling toward equality, she is not sure of her status and is sensitive to anything which may affect it. Savings mean security to her. Many women still are not trained for earning and for those who are marriage, in most cases, cuts down earning power. The wife feels dependent upon the money her husband brings in and is more interested than he in the way it is spent as the question of her security and that of the children is hauntingly present in the back of her mind. Of course, there are women who give no thought to the morrow, a few who are philosophers. But neither group would be found among those who worry.

Further, women come closer to the economic problems of the family than do their husbands. Many have to do housework whether they like it or not. The wife not only has to do her part

Why marriages fail is a hardy perennial subject of study. But here for the first time are reports by 344 persons where the marriage is clearly a success, and why. In particular, the relation of family income to successful marriage. It answers some thorny questions. What about wives with incomes? Working wives? A standard of living lowered by a single professional salary? Joint bank accounts? A second servant vs. a hunting trip?

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in the deciding on a general philosophy of family life and its purpose, but she has the constant day-by-day making of choices in the buying of concrete things which may help bring or not bring about this goal. Whether fitted for it or not, it is she who has the detailed financial management of the home, and this is true even if she has a paid job outside.

THIS problem of money was much discussed by a group of families who cooperated with the writer in a study of factors making for successful family life sponsored by the Bureau of Home Economics and the Child Development and Parental Education Committee of the American Home Economics Association.

The families were selected for study because they were successful in the sense that husband and wife were well adjusted to each other and to the outside world and were doing a good piece of work in bringing up their children. They were scattered over the United States, most of them in the larger cities but not many in New York. Just as many had less than $5000 a year as had more than that income. One quarter had $4000 or less, one quarter had $7000 or more. With few exceptions both husband and wife had attended college. In brief the group was typical of the more well-to-do business and professional class.

There were 344 persons who cooperated in the study. What was their attitude towards money in marriage?

In thinking of factors making for success the thing most stressed was the attitudes on the part of the family group towards each other and the relationship between husband and wife. Individuality of each member must be recognized. There must be love, frankness, courtesy, cooperation, a sharing in all things, tolerance and understanding and a sense of humor. Husband and wife must be well-mated, cooperative and all-round friends. They must know the elements of child-training.

The second group of factors in order of numerical importance dealt with money. The family must have an income sufficient to maintain the standard of living which is felt to be essential, and sufficient to make unnecessary the worries arising from too limited means. There must be good household management and each member of the family must have his share of responsibility and of work.

Again there must be a philosophy of life, religious and moral ideals and a worked-out goal. The home must be a place for social training, for developing the right community contacts and for making available to the members of the family the best possible cultural and educational facilities.

These at least are the essentials for successful family life culled from discussions with a group of thoughtful men and women successful as individuals and as heads of developing families.

In the economic phases it was management by the homemaker with the assistance of her husband and an income compatible with the accepted standard of living in which they were interested. "Financial security sufficient to eliminate worry and friction over money." "Understanding and common knowledge of money matters between husband and wife." Such were their suggestions.

This money question was studied intensively in the actual behavior and practices of sixty-eight families. Management of the financial side of the family life was found of much greater importance for harmony than was size of income. Of course, all these families were above the poverty line but after all, when bare necessities have been provided, the poverty line moves with the desired standard of living and is entirely relative and from the point of view of accepted business and professional standards of living many of these families were on the margin.

One half of the wives felt that money had been a real source of worry to them, the other half that it had not. Size of income was far from being the dividing line. Rather it was a question of attitudes.

As to why they worried over finances the wives had two main sets of causes: fear of the future and failure to achieve the desired standard of living; in their own words, "because I have not enough to really maintain the minimum standard that I believe in and want"; "because we are always a little behind—too much charging"; "because I know I will have myself and my father and mother to support as well as the children and none of us has much physical endurance and savings are very small."

Of the wives who did not worry there were those who had their plan and followed it, those who felt safe in the future because of financial provision or because of confidence in their ability to earn their own living.

For 51 per cent of the husbands money was the chief source of worry. Among the wives 41 per cent stated that their husbands worried over finances. The reasons they gave are interesting: "because he was trained too carefully to consider the spending of every cent"; "because wants exceed our income and he has the age-old desire to be a good provider"; "because I worry more than I should; left to himself he does not worry."

According to the husbands themselves one of the chief causes for worry was due to the husband's role as the good provider which pushed the man to greater and greater efforts to give his family everything others have.

Almost one half of the men mentioned too restricted finances as the circumstance which had most hindered them in achieving their objective in family life. Not more than one sixth mentioned any other one circumstance, some personal trait being second in order of numerical rank and lack of leisure, so closely related to finance, coming third.

AS to family problems which had not been worked out to a satisfactory solution in these families, selected by competent observers as successful, the wives listed the financial problems as of equal importance with difficulties due to husbands' temperament. The husbands listed as of equal rank in unsolved problems the training of the children and finances.

With the wives the financial problems were tied up with fatigue, dislike of housework and inability to have service. Statements are interesting: "We started out with too high standards. This was talked over and fairly adequately adjusted. The one which is yet a real problem is the reaction I had after the child came, to household work and caring for a child. Having been in paid work for fifteen years prior to my marriage the type of life seemingly necessitated by our family circumstances does not seem at all to satisfy me. My husband only partially realizes this and so has not fully cooperated." As a matter of fact he was keenly aware of the situation and was puzzled and anxious to find a way out. But his only plan was "to send her away for a rest!"

Handling the income, the division of financial responsibilities, was a difficult question even in these successful families. The wives' chief criticism of their husbands' spend-

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ing was lack of a plan and the amount spent on recreation. As one husband put it, "My wife can't see why I should spend a few days fishing or a day on golf or tennis." It is interesting to note also that many husbands in listing interests which their wives did not share mentioned outdoor recreation. The husbands' chief complaints were as to cost of running the household, especially the amount of service. Are both husband and wife criticising the spending in the field in which each is least at home?

THE point which made these successful families different from those which ended before Judge Bartlett is that most of them worked out some modus operandi or, where no solution was available, faced the difficulty and accepted it. One wife explained their system thus: "We would differ on practically every expenditure, therefore I do not discuss any expenditure with him except things for the house bought from funds other than my allowance. I keep strictly within my allowance."

In the case of another family where husband and wife had divided financial spheres and kept within them, the husband explained that he would like to share the planning of finances fully instead of only partially but that if they tried to do so he lost his temper. "It is clearly my fault."

Apparently, somehow husbands and wives have to learn to plan together and to be somewhat objective in the discussion of their purchases. If they cannot, then a division of the spheres of influence and non-interference seems to be a way out. Fighting is a luxury which those with children cannot afford and it is doubtful if many without children are in a better position to enjoy it. But real harmony is achieved not merely by tolerance and some understanding. It comes more from actual living and working together with a common purpose. A family should have a plan just as an industrial concern, a research organization or any other is expected to have one. Not a rigid plan, into which the family must fit regardless, but a flexible one adapted from time to time to meet new ideas and new circumstances. Husbands and wives must learn to face the economic situation, to admit economic realities, to analyze the strength and weakness of each of the family and to allocate responsibilities and duties accordingly. Each has to give up the idea that his plan is the best. A joint purpose means working hard to accomplish the common end, putting as much energy into making a go of the marriage as many people put into fighting over it.

No doubt one of the most difficult things to learn is how to adapt standards of living to the income. The American philosophy that a man can make more money if he will, makes it hard. Leisure should be considered in setting up the standard—fatigue is an outstanding element in the financial situation—the husband pushed in the office, the wife pushed at home. Further, we have to learn that while money can supply many satisfactions some cannot be provided by it and many can be provided without it.

The mechanical details of handling the family finances made little difference in these successful families. The joint account was found in nearly half the families. In almost as many husband and wife each had an account and in a few there were three accounts, a joint account and two individual ones. Usually it has taken some time and experimenting to arrive at the suitable solution. Some started with the joint account and ended with two separate ones; others, equally successful, arrived at harmony by the reverse road. But all through frank, objective discussion was the basis for a happy solution. Worries talked over disappeared or at least seemed less serious. As one wife said, "I am never happy unless I confide my worries completely to my husband and then I forget most of them."

In this planning what of the couples who come to marriage from a level of living different from that which can be maintained in the new home? There is no one answer. The step from a higher to a lower standard always means a rude wrench to certain habits and time and courage are necessary to make the change. None of the husbands mentioned a lower standard of living after marriage. It was the wives who discussed it. Housework was the bugbear.

There was the girl who had little or no training in the use of money and as one said, "After marriage I had literally to learn the worth of a dollar." Another woman who had accepted a lower standard of living did it upon a rational basis: "It has never been a strain. I fully appreciated the limitations of a college professor's income. We have lived simply but well, avoiding expensive social life. We have not been obliged to lower the standard to such a degree as to make for dissatisfaction."

WHAT of the wife who works or has an independent income? How does her money influence family relationships? Nearly three quarters of the wives in the successful families had some income, usually a small one. One sixth of the women were earning. There were two general attitudes held by these women in regard to their income—that it was theirs, that it was part of the general family fund. A few compromised, holding that the principal was theirs but that the income belonged to the family. As a matter of practice, the great majority spent this money for general family purposes or for extras for the family, and where there were investments the husband shared in their management.

In two instances only in the sixty-eight families had the wife's income caused any real disharmony. In one case the husband, from a rich and conservative family, resented the wife's determination to continue to manage her own estate. In the other, the husband worried seriously because his earned income was less than his wife's inherited one. She saw no difficulty in the situation beyond regret that he worried as she felt the combined income was more than adequate.

The question of outside work is definitely tied up with finances. In a study made by the Institute of Women's Professional Relations of 568 married college alumnae engaged in paid jobs, 58 per cent of the women gave economic reasons for working. Divided according to whether or not they had children, 65 per cent of those with children and 49 per cent of those without gave economic reasons.

Help for the husband was uppermost in these women's minds when they said they worked because of economic reasons. It was to help him bear the burden of maintaining present-day standards, fear that the condition of his health meant that ultimately she would be the chief support, a specific financial disaster, to enable the husband to change his business or to obtain a higher degree—these were the economic reasons. In this group, husband and wife together were earning between $5000 and $6000. This gives a basis for believing the economic reasons were not mere rationalization, for Jessica Peixotto's study of the Berkeley professors' families shows so clearly that they held a standard pitched at a level which would cost in the neighborhood of $7000.

In the group of successful families opinion was divided as

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to the working of the wife. Some husbands saw the difficulty for her in remaining at home but saw no way out. For instance one husband described his situation thus: "Several times my wife has been on the point of quitting or breaking down because of lack of mental and social outlet in family life as compared with her former professional life." He regretted it but seemed unable to find a solution. The wife herself felt it was a problem but that she was getting used to it.

When asked about his wife's outside interests one man expressed the feeling of a group in his reply, "She has none, thank God!" On the other side, however, was the husband who said: "Have always encouraged her outside occupation and believe it of great benefit to our success and happiness. She tempers it so as not to interfere with children's training. There have been times when her job and community interests plus her home duties made her very tired. This always reacts unfavorably. However, the benefits far outweigh the defect and I encourage it." Another man goes further: "Wife teaches. Has been with my consent and has not interfered with my business. As my work is carried on at home I have been able to care for the children when necessary. The experience has been fine for her and I cannot see that it has had any detrimental effect on any of us."

By no means all the wives wanted to work. Some had given up because the husband resented it, others because of fatigue, still others because they felt no special urge to go on. Those who were working were enjoying it and found it helped with the budget and relieved them of housework.

Where the wife was working no tension arose from economic individualization for these successful families had a plan, a purpose, and husband and wife were sharing fully the economic problems. Differences in former standards of living, different ideas on plans for spending, differences in emphasis on what was important in a standard of living, differences on whether or not the wife should work, all these economic difficulties were found in these families. They were successful not because they had no problems, but because in some way they had developed a technique of facing them, discussing them and arriving at a working solution.

The women were more worried over financial problems than were the men. They were also more dissatisfied in other respects. Perhaps this is due to the same reason which may explain why in Hamilton's group the college-trained wives were more discontented than were the non-college.

IN the successful families 18 per cent of the women stated that their success was due to training obtained in formal education while not one of the husbands could mention any education he had had for marriage. Not all, but a good sprinkling of the colleges, have been offering women courses on the family and on modern woman, giving them enough at least to encourage the alumnae to join the discussion and study groups sponsored by the American Association of University Women and other such organizations. As a result the college woman is thinking here and now on the family and on her own position in relation to the family and to social life as a whole while too often her husband is still feeling on these debatable questions in terms of his mother's days. If it is hard for two generations to get together how much harder it must be for two persons thinking a generation apart to make a go of marriage!

Family relations is the pioneer field in present-day thinking on social relations and it is the educated woman who is driving the covered wagon on this trek. She recognizes the problems involved in fitting standards of living and income, in balancing present needs and future security, in husband and wife learning to plan and to discuss or, at least, to meet the situation and avoid trouble. While covering only one phase of marriage, still education along the lines necessary to meet these problems, for men as well as for women, will assure fewer storms for marriage to weather or to founder in.

From the Silhouette Calendar, 1932

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Doctors of Matrimony

By GEORGE K. PRATT, M.D.

TO one at all sensitive to social trends there is nothing novel in the observation that the task of adjusting to marriage is a vastly more complicated and precarious business today than it used to be. What may be novel perhaps are some of the methods currently advocated to prevent or to allay marital maladjustments. Chief among these is the so-called Marriage Clinic, Family Adjustment Bureau, or similar agency for whose success its sponsors cherish high hopes. Although organizations of this kind have been familiar in Europe for several years, and although our own social workers have always regarded the patching-up of marriage casualities as a routine part of their jobs, yet clinics specifically established for this purpose have been introduced to America only recently. At least six have opened here within the past half year. What about them?

While energetic and eager for the fray, a number of these clinics seem handicapped by disagreement as to the quarter from which their enemy may be expected to attack. Indeed, it is evident that most of them are not at all certain of just who or what the enemy is. Some find him in a slackened appreciation of the spiritual values of marriage. Others are certain he is the bogey of inadequate or inaccurate sex education. Still more appear to feel he is a sort of composite of most of the more ignoble of the human frailties including selfishness, jealousy, the will-to-power and what-not. In brief, the greatest possible conflicts of opinion and differences in technique seem to characterize these alleviating agencies, leaving to them a sole common denominator in an unshakable conviction that marriage and the family are endangered and must somehow be protected. By repetition and sheer insistence a sufficient portion of the general public has been converted to this point of view, to become vocal in a demand that something be done about it—and the marriage clinic seems the popular answer.

Marriage, being the quasi-religious institution it is, and the family continuing to exist in part at least as a socio-religious concept, it is understandable that some clinics should be conducted under auspices that impart a definitely religious coloring. But even when this is the case it is interesting to observe the attempts to blend religion with science into an effective joint weapon of attack. Indeed, the very word "clinic" in this connection indicates how science and the technical approach have invaded even the jealously guarded domain of the clergy, whose age-old copyright it has been to attempt the repair of fractured marriages. But a progressive theology not only prides itself on keeping abreast with the times, but also on trying to turn science to its own uses. It sees, therefore, no threat to its dignity in frankly picking and choosing from contemporary scientific advances those particular crumbs it believes will expedite its mission.

As a result, traditional pastoral methods for dealing with marriage failures reflect in certain instances almost dramatically our changing times. In the not distant past when John Doe and his blushing fiancee sought counsel to insure a technique of happiness for their approaching marriage, or when the same John Doe and his wife bedeviled with bickering, a bit later sought help to prevent its disruption, only two advisory alternatives, as a rule, were available. One of the partners could set forth her side in an anonymous letter to Beatrice Fairfax and hope for a newspaper reply that would support her contention; or else together they could repair, embittered and lacking insight, to the minister's study for a tearful emotional talk that drained off surcharged feelings for the time being at least.

Today additional alternatives have become available and John and his fiancee or his wife, as the case may be, are now invited to summon Science to their aid. In a Marriage Clinic or a Family Adjustment Bureau they find their erstwhile minister ensconced behind the business-like desk of the professional counselor. Or perhaps instead of the minister they find a Y. M. C. A. adviser, a eugenist, a sex-hygiene expert, a general physician, or even just a nice well-meaning elderly person with no claims to professional training in any field except that of "good, plain common-sense."

BUT while each of these counselors, except possibly the last, seems eager to give the impression that the mantle of Science envelopes his endeavors, it is disheartening to observe how few of them actually give to real Science more than lip-service. Most of them remind one of the man who couldn't see the forest because of the trees. Made myopic by emotional partiality for one or two aspects of a pining marriage, some of them fail to perceive the problem as a whole and are hindered from acquiring that perspective of totality that is a *sine qua non* for true science in any field.

Challenging as the statement may be, it can nevertheless be asserted with confidence that the scientific method has yet to be adopted as a routine procedure in any marriage clinic or family adjustment bureau of which this writer has knowledge. Yet a formulation of the scientific method, so far as it concerns the extrication of human nature from difficulty, is clear-cut in theory, at least. It calls first for the preparation of a statement of the problem, to be followed by the observation and recording of symptoms. Next comes an attempt to discover and evaluate all the possible causes that are responsible for the problem—

Clinics for Better for Worse

Nowadays a new marriage clinic opens its doors every month, on the average. Starting from scratch, without the crusty limitations of older social agencies, it can pick and choose as to who will be its best sponsor and what special skills it can demand in its staff. Dr. Pratt, a man of wide experience in the closely related field of mental health, discusses the set-up from its mental, physical, social and spiritual backgrounds—the mind, body and estate of marriage.

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primary, contributing and precipitating. Lastly is the task of fabricating such measures of treatment based on the true causes (not merely on symptoms or rationalized or superficial causes) as will permit the problem to be attacked at its roots and destroyed; or if this be impossible, that will lessen the power of the problem to cause unhappiness and at the same time enable its owner to find compensatory satisfactions in other realms.

Unambiguous as these principles are, it is exceedingly difficult to translate them into constructive practice—particularly if the would-be scientist happens to be committed, by reason of personal emotional bias, to a search for those special causes that will confirm convictions or wishes which are held with the peculiar tenacity of one whose own emotional conflicts are far from solved. A capacity for objective detachment which insures a relative freedom from the injection of the counselor's own feelings into the problems of his client—to the further entanglement of both—is indispensable for anyone who would deal with human maladjustments. It is to be regretted, therefore, that some at least of the potential usefulness of certain marriage clinics seems to have been rendered negligible by a paucity of such scientific objectivity.

EVEN though objectivity is preserved, there is frequent failure to recognize the multiplicity of causes responsible for even a mild marital maladjustment. Literally never is human misunderstanding the product of but a single cause, and marriage frictions most of all perhaps, suffer from a multitude as well as a complexity of etiologic factors. Some of these causes are on the surface where everyone, including the participants, can see them. Others lie deep, hidden from all but specially skilled search. Unhappily it is among these hidden causes that the predominating reasons for misunderstanding are frequently to be found, and in such cases it is obvious that at best only temporary relief can be expected if unconscious motives remain unrecognized. Moreover, trained investigation discloses that superficial and trivial causes often are not the real causes but are mere psychological red herrings unwittingly drawn across the trail.

Examples come easily to mind. A marriage problem that begins, let us say, as a medical problem because of sterility, tuberculosis, deformity or some other physical factor, quickly becomes also an economic problem, or a legal problem, or a religious problem, or a problem of general social adaptation. Inevitably it is further complicated by emotional problems arising out of the ways in which the individuals interpret and react to their situations. Another problem may root in a clash between drastically differing sets of habit patterns which each partner has brought up with him from childhood. But again this primary cause soon is fortified by others. Perhaps one of the partners, as a reaction to and as a means of circumventing frustration by the other, develops a neurosis, in which event the problem becomes psychiatric. The resulting invalidism, further, may create an economic problem and likely a social one as well; or, if its energies happen to be deflected into theological channels, the initial problem also becomes a religious one.

The number of combinations that can thus be formed is infinite, and any philosophy of causation that is restricted to single concepts manifestly is based on a belief in simplicity that quite belies the true nature of the situation. Human attitudes and patterns of behavior are neither simple to understand nor to unravel, no matter how enticingly the sirens of simplification and standardization coax us. To believe that contraceptive advice alone, or sex education alone, or legal counsel alone, or spiritual encouragement alone will suffice for the readjustment of a marital disharmony is to be limited in vision to but one facet of many and to miss an opportunity for lasting service.

But despite all these obstacles, marriage clinics are with us for better or for worse and the practical question arises as to what contributions sincere well-wishers can make toward a fulfillment of their purpose. Not the least valuable contribution may be an attempt to clarify by discussion some of the issues involved. In the first place, it seems clear that marriage maladjustments are not basically different from any other maladjustments that complicate human relationships. Secondly, there already is some foundation of precedent and experience for the management of marital problems to be found in the theories and practices in routine use by up-to-date mental-hygiene clinics and particularly by child-guidance clinics where the solution of a child-behavior problem may depend in very large part on a prior successful handling of the misunderstanding between mother and father. Thirdly, a leaf taken from the experience of the mental-hygiene clinics may aid the marriage clinics to avoid some of the perils that have been found to lurk in this field.

A case in point is found in the selection of the auspices under which a marriage clinic is to operate. Mention already has been made of religious coloring. One hesitates to recommend a given church as the sponsoring agency since sectarian differences inevitably tend to restrict patronage to persons professing adherence to the denomination represented by that church. In a somewhat more general way the same objection would seem to hold good for organizations like the Y. M. C. A. and comparable agencies, as well as for certain social or health agencies whose points of view and policies reflect the concepts of particular religious groups.

In some instances a Council of Social Agencies, or possibly even a Community Chest (in case it is engaged in operating activities) might prove a suitable sponsoring organization, but since the clinic's clientele presumably would be drawn from all social and economic strata, vexatious questions of charity and the assessment of clinic fees would be difficult to surmount. Nor would a hospital outpatient department seem to offer the most desirable auspices. True, some marital problems are heavily laden with medical factors, yet a large number are not, and conceivably a hospital atmosphere might deter certain potential clients who were convinced no physical factors were involved in their difficulty. Moreover (and this may be heresy) it probably would not always be easy to discover a hospital where an adequate tolerance and sympathy and understanding of the non-medical procedures necessitated by social treatment would be displayed.

THEORETICALLY a college or university might seem to offer ideal auspices. As a matter of fact, it is reported that one large university is considering this very step. The college represents a rare breadth of responsibility and interests and if the activities of the marriage clinic were supervised by a faculty committee drawn from the special fields whose services the clinic should enlist, the perils peculiar to the other types of organizations just mentioned would probably not materialize. But circumstances are such that relatively few marriage clinics can at this time be operated under university auspices.

All things considered the wisest move probably is in the direction of independent (*Continued on page* 399)

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The Whistle Blows

By PHILIP L. KETCHUM

Drawing by Wilfred Jones

Cast of Characters

SLIM, *a laborer*
PETE, *a laborer*
CAP, *a laborer*
BILL, *a laborer*
SPOOKY, *a foreman*

TIME, *the present.*

SCENE, *a corner of the carpenter shop in a modern factory. Noon hour.*

PRODUCTION NOTE—*It is not necessary that the scene be laid in a carpenter shop. Any part of a factory will lend itself to a portrayal of the story without altering the script.*

BEFORE the curtain rises the sound of machinery can be heard, and the rising curtain discloses the interior of what is evidently the carpenter shop in a factory. This interior is very plain. The walls are rough and unfurnished. A few pictures cut from Sunday supplements or movie magazines are tacked to the walls. To the right is a door, and above the work-benches are small paned windows, some dirty, some cracked and some with the glass missing. There are two old chairs in the room and a pile of lumber directly in the center.

Four men are working at the benches. They work steadily, almost automatically. The sound of machinery from adjoining buildings makes conversation impossible.

The men are dressed in work clothing, carpenter's overalls, blue shirts, shop hats. One is young, about twenty-five. He is called Slim. Two are of middle-age and answer to the names of Cap and Bill. The fourth, a much older man, is known as Pete.

As the men work, the noon whistle blows. The noise made by the machinery gradually dies out, but the men at once turn from their work-benches, hunt their lunch-boxes, and start to eat. The young man and the old man sit on the pile of lumber. The other two tilt their chairs back against the wall.

Between bites, they begin a desultory conversation.

SLIM: How you coming, Pete?

PETE: Perty good. I'll finish that warehouse job in another hour or so.

CAP: Yuh better. Spooky'll raise the devil if it ain't done. Yuh only been puttin' out the work of three men. Yuhr supposed tuh do the work of six around here.

PETE: Well, judging by yours I equal half a dozen. How about it, Slim?

SLIM: Half a dozen what?

PETE: Aw, listen to what's going on and quit dreaming about the cute little new wife and the little gray home in the west.

SLIM [*blushing and defiant*]: Go on and kid me, old timer. I won't be a slave like you when I'm your age. Me and Helen got plans.

CAP [*scornfully*]: Plans—huh? Yuh talk like yuh thought yuh was the only one who ever had plans. Like yuh had 'em cornered.

SLIM: No. We ain't the only ones who ever had plans. But we're going to work them.

CAP: Yeah? Well, lots of other guys had ideas like that, too. Shucks, Slim, yuh don't know what yuhr up against.

SLIM: Well, what am I up against?

BILL: Lay off, Cap. Let the kid alone.

CAP: Lay off! What's eatin' yuh, Bill? It's time Slim ought tuh be jarred awake. He ain't got over the weddin' march yet.

SLIM: You guys make me tired. Get this, will you. I know life ain't no bed of roses, but just the same me and Helen ain't going to be slaves all our lives. I guess it's up to us, ain't it?

BILL: Stick to your plans, Slim. This dumbbell here ain't got no sense at all.

PETE: What are those plans, Slim?

SLIM: Well,—er—it's pretty hard to explain. I don't know whether I can make it clear or not. You see, we want to be free. We want to—well—own our own home, not have to pay rent. We want to have things—er—our own furniture, a car and things like that. We want—oh, I can't explain it like I'd like to. But we know, Helen and me.

BILL: I know, too, Slim. So does Pete and Cap. You

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want just what we wanted years ago—what all of us, everyone, wanted.

SLIM: Naw, you don't get the idea.

PETE: Who wants an apple? [*He takes an apple out of his lunch box and holds it aloft, looking from one man to another. Each shakes his head. Pete lays the apple down.*]

BILL: If Sam was here he'd take it. He always used to eat your apples, Pete. Better tell your wife not to pack them in any more.

CAP: I saw Sam the other day. He wasn't lookin' so good.

PETE: He's getting old.

BILL: I'll bet that wasn't it. He ain't much older than I am. It's other things.

PETE [*nodding*]: Yeah, I know. But it ain't only years that makes a man old. What's Sam doing?

CAP: Nothin'. He ain't found a job yet.

BILL: That's tough. Only a week ago he was working here with us.

PETE: Yeah. Just a week ago today it was that Spooky let him go. But you can't blame Spooky. A foreman's got to do what he's told to do. And when they're cutting down ... [*Pete's voice trails off. The four men look at one another. Slim lies down on his back on the lumber pile. Cap lights his pipe and smokes. Bill starts whittling on a piece of wood.*]

BILL: Naw, you can't blame Spooky. It ain't his fault.

CAP: Sam was a good guy.

BILL: What's he going to do, Cap. Did he say?

CAP: What can he do? All he can do is look for a job, ain't it? Maybe if he's lucky he'll find one. There ain't many jobs floatin' around loose.

BILL: Yeah, but while he's looking what is he doing?

CAP: What do you mean?

BILL: You know what I mean, Cap. Sam always was one to talk about himself and his family. I'll bet he's showed you a dozen times that picture of his wife that he carries in his breast pocket.

CAP: Yeah, he has.

BILL: The one taken when she was just a kid. When they were married. She was perty then.

CAP [*nodding*]: Awful perty.

BILL: Well, remember how Sam used to talk about her and the kids? How the kids were doing so well in school and how much it cost? But how he was going to keep them there?

CAP: Yeah.

BILL: Well, what's he doing about it now? I'll bet he showed you a picture of his house and garden too. Well, how's he meeting the payments on his house without a job? Sam would sure hate to lose that.

PETE: He'd hate it about the kids worse. He sure counted on them going to school.

BILL [*gets up and walks over to the door and looks out. He comes back, leaving the door open*]: What's the idea of talking like this, anyhow. You know what day it is, don't you?

CAP: Think I'd forget a thing like that? Pay-day. Spooky ought tuh be here perty soon.

BILL: What you going to do with your money, Cap?

CAP: Do with it? Why, I'm—[*he hesitates and frowns, and his voice changes notably as he continues*]. Why that all depends.

BILL: What do you mean, depends?

CAP [*hesitantly*]: Why I planned to put part of it away for the rent and pay the rest on bills—but I don't know.

BILL: Don't know what?

CAP [*forcing a nervous laugh*]: Why I was thinkin' of last pay-day. Sam was with us then. Spooky come to the door and looked in and said, "Sam, I want to see you." Remember how Sam looked scared and got up and went over to the door? That's when he got it. Spooky told him it was his last day. I—I—well, maybe I'll take all my check to buy food—like Sam must have done.

BILL: Aw, forget it.

[*A moment of silence follows this speech. All three men look at the door. Slim is still lying on his back on the lumber pile. To all appearances he is asleep. Cap, evidently ashamed of his last statement, tries to give an explanation.*]

CAP: Yuh see, Bill, I ain't never been able to save no money. Oh, I've been ahead at times, but I'd either get out of a job or one of the kids would get sick, or something would happen to eat up all I'd saved. I—well—I've got to work to eat, and to see that maw and the kids eat.

PETE [*gruffly*]: Well, so do the rest of us.

BILL: Yeah, and that ain't all. I'll bet that half the people in this town couldn't live a month if something came along and took their jobs.

CAP: Well, I couldn't.

BILL: That's just it. We live up everything we earn. And we're damn' lucky if we ain't in debt.

CAP: Oh, Slim [*calling*]. Hey, Slim, wake up.

[*Slim stirs but doesn't wake.*]

BILL: Aw, let the kid sleep. He's been working like a horse. He needs the rest.

CAP: They're workin' all of us. We need four more men here tuh get out the jobs they send us.

PETE: We're lucky we got jobs.

CAP: What do yuh mean, lucky?

PETE: I mean just that. We're lucky we didn't get let out like Sam.

[*Cap gets to his feet and crosses to look out of the door. Pete goes on talking.*]

PETE: There's plenty of men walking the streets today hunting for work—plenty of men who are hungry—plenty of 'em who'd love to have our jobs. We're plenty lucky.

CAP [*whirling around*]: Lucky! Lucky! You say a man's lucky because he's got a job? You say I'm lucky? Listen here. Ain't I perfectly able-bodied? Ain't I got a family? Ain't my family an' me got a right tuh live? Ain't I a worker? Why should a man be lucky because he's got a job?

PETE: Aw, you know what I mean.

CAP: Sure I know, but that ain't answerin' my question. Why should yuh say we're lucky 'cause we got jobs? Ain't we all got tuh live? Ain't we workers? What the hell.

BILL: You sound like a red.

CAP [*still angry*]: Red, nothin'. I ain't a red. I been a worker all my life. I've gone through several strikes. I've been busted, hungry. I've been fired, laid off an' all the rest. I've listened to reds talk plenty, but I ain't no red an' I never will be. But I say a man oughtn't tuh have tuh consider himself lucky, just 'cause he's got a job. It's comin' to him.

[*Cap crosses over to one of the work-benches. He picks up a handful of orders and again faces the men. He is still*

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in an argumentative frame of mind.]

CAP [*waving the papers*]: An' look at all of these jobs comin' up. We got enough work ahead for a couple of weeks. An' Spooky's raisin' hell 'cause we can't work faster—an' they lays off Sam. Three weeks ago they laid off two others.

BILL: Sure, Cap. It's all true. But what you going to do about it? It ain't only here, but in every factory, in every business. Things are tightening up. It's the depression.

CAP [*laughing bitterly*]: Depression, hell.

PETE: Well, what Bill says is true. You never know when the whistle blows whether it's calling you to work for the last time or not.

[*Cap lays the orders back on the work-bench. He turns again to the door and stands looking out, evidently watching for the foreman.*]

BILL: What would you do, Pete, if you was in Sam's place?

PETE [*uneasily*]: Oh—er—I don't know. Hunt another job, I guess.

BILL: Where?

PETE [*vaguely*]: Oh, there's several places I know of. Why?

BILL [*uneasily*]: I just wondered. It—it's funny Spooky don't show up with our pay checks. Usually he's around before this.

CAP [*over his shoulder*]: He was late like this last week when he gave Sam the bad news.

BILL: You don't suppose—[*his voice trails off and he looks down at the floor*].

[*Slim wakes up, stretches, and groans. He climbs down from the pile of lumber, rubbing his eyes.*]

SLIM: Oh, boy, that little snooze felt good. [*He flexes his muscles and grins at Pete and Bill who eye him enviously.*]

SLIM: I feel like a new man. [*He looks at his watch and whistles.*] Ye gods, it's getting late. Spooky been here yet?

BILL: Naw, he's late today.

SLIM: Oh, well, he'll be around. [*Flippantly.*] Can't spend the money 'till we get off, anyhow. [*Walks over to the door.*] See him yet, Cap?

CAP: Naw, he ain't in sight.

[*Slim shrugs his shoulders and finds a seat on one of the work-benches. He looks from one to another of the three men and seems to realize that they are not in the best of spirits.*]

SLIM: What's wrong?

CAP [*after a pause during which he stands at the door*]: Nothing.

BILL: What would you do, Slim, if you got laid off?

SLIM: Why, get another job.

BILL: Where?

SLIM [*confidently*]: Oh, any place.

BILL: Are you sure you could, Slim?

SLIM: Why—of course. Sure, I'd get a job—some place.

PETE: Could you and your wife get along until you did?

[*Slim seems to be getting puzzled. The grin leaves his face and he frowns.*]

SLIM [*forcing a half-hearted laugh*]: Why, of course we could. Why— [*He pauses, looks from one man to another, and slips off the bench.*] What's happened? Has Spooky been here? Has—has he—[*He cannot utter the thought that has just come to him, but his face shows his fright.*] Bill—Pete—Cap—has Spooky been here? Has he—has he—did he leave any message for me?

BILL: What's the matter, kid? No, Spooky ain't been here.

SLIM [*again laughing, rather thankfully*]: Gee, you had me frightened for a minute. I thought maybe—[*He doesn't complete the sentence.*]

PETE: You thought what?

SLIM: Oh, nothing. [*He starts whistling a popular song.*]

CAP [*from his position at the door*]: Spooky ain't in sight yet.

SLIM: Well, what of it?

CAP: Last week he was late like this an' Sam got laid off.

SLIM: Huh? [*He walks over to the door and walks back.*]

[*Pete and Bill get up and put their lunch-boxes away. They too walk over and look out the door before sitting down again on the pile of lumber. Cap stays at the door. As the men talk, they keep looking at Cap.*]

BILL: That's not a bad job I'm on now.

PETE: Mine is slow, but I'm almost through.

BILL: You never get through here.

PETE: You mean, through with work. No, they sure pile it on. Slim's got the softest job.

SLIM: Think so? I'll trade you.

PETE: You'd trade anything.

SLIM: Oh, I ain't got it so soft. There ain't any such thing as a soft job.

BILL: I wonder what's keeping Spooky?

PETE: Maybe he's forgot what day it is and didn't go after the pay-roll.

SLIM: That fellow don't forget anything.

CAP [*suddenly*]: He's coming. I see him.

[*The three men turn to face the door. Cap hurries away much as a small boy caught looking at something forbidden. He sits down, watching the door.*]

BILL: Could you see what he looked like, Cap?

CAP: Naw.

PETE: How's he walking?

CAP: Well, he ain't hurryin' any.

PETE: He sure hated to let Sam go. He was late, just like this. He came to the door, stopped, looked around and didn't say anything at first. Then he called Sam. Remember?

SLIM: Gee.

BILL: I wonder who—[*His voice trails off and he looks from one to another of his companions.*]

[*Spooky, the foreman, enters the doorway. He is a man of middle-age, tall and straight. His hair is beginning to gray, but most of it is hidden by a hat. His clothing is old, but different from the clothing of the others in that he is wearing an old suit. In the doorway he pauses and looks from one man to another. He says nothing. In his hand are four envelopes.*]

PETE: Hello, Boss.

BILL: Hello.

[*Spooky grunts. He looks at the envelopes in his hand, one after another. Pete and Bill stand up. Bill's hands are clenching and unclenching at his side. Pete and Cap show their nervousness. Slim is breathing fast. This tableau is held for a moment.*]

SPOOKY: Bill, come here a moment.

BILL: Me? You mean me? [*It is almost a whisper.*]

SPOOKY [*nodding*]: Yes, Bill. (*Continued on page* 397)

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Why Jennie Gets Her Man

By ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

Drawings by Esther Andrews

AS everyone knows, all up-to-date newspapers print a column on the Woman's Page (never one on the Men's) for the sole purpose of giving assistance to those who need it in their love affairs. Such topics as: Shall I marry a man who loves another? Which makes the best husband, bachelor or widower? How much should mothers meddle with their sons' wives? Is fifty too old to love? are handled daily. And the advice given is so sound, and is evidently written by such practiced hands, that it seems presumptuous for a mere novice to attempt to compete with them. Yet the appearance of several letters in The Survey, from social workers who (according to their own testimony) can do everything better than secure the husbands that they want, inevitably prompts comparisons in the mind of one who sees girls weekly in court, who have the contrary talent of getting the men they want, but who are able apparently to do nothing else. What is the difference in technique between Jenny who gets her man, and Jean who doesn't?

The first contrast that I observe is that Jenny, for all her failure in arithmetic tests, has grasped one mathematical law better than Jean with all her algebra. And that is the simple numerical fact that anyone who wants a man must go where there are enough of them to go around. Preferably more than enough. Prof. William T. Ogburn of Chicago University, and an authority upon the census, states in a recent study of that enlightening document that, "a certain percentage of men are going to marry anyhow. Whether women marry or not, depends upon the supply of men." Or again, "the marrying of men is not so dependent upon the supply of women, as the marrying of women is dependent upon the supply of men." Women in short, if they are to marry, are more than twice as dependent upon an oversupply of the opposite sex than men.

Although to the non-mathematical this statement may seem a trifle mysterious (since every marriage requires both one man and one woman) yet Jenny grasps the statistics thoroughly. She knows that a certain proportion of men will succeed in escaping from their mates no matter what anyone does about it. Therefore, any girl who expects to make her selection from the residue must be an early bird, go where the worms are sunning themselves, and gobble one before someone else does. Jenny for this reason runs away by instinct from any women's affairs, girls' clubs, and all feminine haunts whatever, and betakes herself with complete singleness of purpose to the poolroom, the taxi-stand, the dock, the railroad yards, and the garage. A machine-shop or a gas-station may not seem to Jean the most idyllic spot for courting, but even she cannot deny that one of the essential elements for courtship is generally there—namely a man. For this one prime necessity of a male person, Jenny is willing to sacrifice all non-essentials, and while perched upon a sack of coal or a kerosene can, she never for one moment forgets the main object of her visit.

Equipped for romance but—

Jean in the meantime is likely to be summering in a charming camp outfitted for professional girls, of artistic tastes, completely equipped for romance in every respect but the one thing needful which Jenny has secured. On her outings with delightful girls, Jean may be dreaming of a Lohengrin in shining armor, or of a dark-eyed aviator who receives a minor injury in her backyard, and is nursed to health under her care. All this is very pretty, but it remains a dream. Realistic Jenny knows that the statistical chances of either of these heroes coming her way is simply nowhere, compared with the arithmetical certainty that there are more men in any barber shop than there are Lohengrins in the world. So to the barber shop she goes. And if she goes often enough, she gets her man.

WHAT applies to the masculine haunts of any town applies also to the country as a whole. There are states of the Union where a certain proportion of women will never marry for there are not enough men to marry them. There are men and to spare in other states. But that does Jean no good if she remains at home.

I once knew a school teacher who had an excellent position in the East, where she got good pay. But since her neighborhood provided only eighty-eight males to one hundred females, she was one of those destined to be left over, and she knew it. To the scandal of her friends, who thought her wild and improvident, she resigned her position and took another in the far Southwest, where she had hardly left the train before some lonely rancher snatched her up. The arithmetic she had taught for years, had for once been simply and accurately applied. Where there were no men, it was a certainty that she would have no husband. Where men were in excess, there was a sporting chance that she might get one. She took her chance and won. And as I remember her, she was a kind of test case. If the system worked with her, it would with anyone.

During the War I was stationed for a time in Washington along with eighty thousand other women workers. Most of the appropriate boys to go with these girls were in the army. And yet statistically

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trained as many of them were, they expected the impossible—namely enough escorts to go around. "Can't you count?" I used to ask my office force. "How are even forty thousand of you to be supplied with men if there are none?" "All of them are not in France. Where are the rest?" the girls asked mournfully. "Here in the government files it ought to be easy to find out," I answered.

We looked, and just one stenographer added her one and one, made two and asked for a transfer. She got it, and in six months she also got what she went for. Of that flock of Jeans, she was the only one to apply her figures to the facts. If the office had been full of Jennys, they would have been bursting out of the windows of the outgoing trains, hitch-hiking along the road, stowing themselves away in cross-country trucks, and in the holds of freight boats steaming through the Zone!

A year later when we were stationed in New Mexico, I was in a position to watch the results of my own theory. The next bungalow to ours housed two sisters who had come West to teach. They were pleasant girls enough but not extraordinary. They did not have to be. A constant stream of young men wore a path to their front door, past ours. I could not fail to see the procession start in the gathering dusk from their piazza to the railroad station, to eat at Harveys, the only restaurant there was, and across whose marble slabs I occasionally got a furtive wink from my neighbors, over their chili. They told me of a quaint custom which the teachers of the district had established, of investing their first hundred dollars in a cow. The cow was boarded out, and paid for her keep by her milk. At the end of appropriate intervals, instead of cutting off the coupon from her substantial investment, the teacher sold the new calf.

In the meantime the men of the county were selecting their wives with such dispatch from the school faculty that the harried superintendent required all newcomers to sign a contract to teach one year or forfeit their salary. This contract was satisfactory to the teachers, because after their initial investment in the cow, they could hardly lose. If they married, the cow could be tethered to their own backfence, and they could carry on their own milk route. Certainly if my neighbors did not select a husband, it must have been because they vowed themselves to celibacy. They had lived through the experimental season of observing every eligible man in town across the dinner table, and had been able to save all their board money for their trousseaux. Marriage proposals were not a problem of attraction but of equations.

I remember being told in England that all English girls who wanted to marry, but who failed to do so at home because of the superabundance of women, first went to India. If India proved unprofitable they tried Australia. If that too failed, they wound up at Malta, where no English girl bent on marriage need be disappointed. In our country, I would consider Arizona a good risk. So often have I expounded the interesting fact that Arizona boasts 122 men to 100 women (a hint never, I believe, acted upon by any Jean who heard me) that a plot for a play has gradually formed itself in my imagination. I may write it if I can ever decide upon a third act. Until then, all rights reserved.

Any man is every man

Acts one and two concern themselves, first with a young man who begs assistance of his aunt because the girls give him no peace. They call him on the phone, insist upon dates with him, and his nerves are giving way. He is advised by her to go to Arizona. The next caller is a young girl who knows no men, sees no prospect of romance and finds life dull and savorless thereby. She is advised by the same lady to go to Arizona. By this time, the confidante has become so enamored of her own eloquence, as a publicity and travel agent, that she too decides to go—to Arizona. It is easy enough to pair off the boy and the girl in the last act, but what becomes of the chaperone? Does she ensnare a cow baron? A bandit? A wealthy invalid? It is this range of possibility that holds up the play. The last act waits till she has made her choice.

AS a contrast to all this I offer a short interchange of comment which I witnessed between a Western man and two Eastern business girls who were being entertained by the same hostess.

The two young women were discussing their apartment and their housekeeping problems while the man listened silently, in growing astonishment. As he left for the train he sighed—"I am going home without seeing with my own eyes the one thing I should have liked to see—your apartment. Do you mean that you have a kitchen? Do you eat there and entertain your friends, as if—[he coughed slightly] exactly as if you were married?"

"Of course, why not?" answered the girls in surprise. "How do business girls live where you come from?"

"I have been trying to remember, while you talked," he answered. "I cannot think of very many except a few widows. But I believe that they all live with their mothers until they are married," he added simply. "I did not know that unmarried girls settled down and kept house together anywhere in the world. I should like to look at it. It must be very strange to see."

Single-hearted Jenny would agree with him. A house without a man in it, is to her incredible. She feels with him, that it is very, very strange.

The obvious comment of any Jean is, that neither she nor her friends want men badly enough to go hunting for them in mines, brickyards and rolling mills. A nice man with good manners and in a white collar, is well enough. But to go after a man, *any* man, because he is one, and for no other reason, would be to them humiliating and preposterous. No Jean wants any man enough for that. Which brings me to my point, which is, that I believe that Jenny sincerely likes all men better than Jean does. Or conversely stated, I do not think from my observation that Jean in her heart really cares very much about men as a class.

I do not mean for a moment that all social workers, teachers and professional women are Jeans. Far from it. Many of them, and perhaps most, are quite as sensitive as Jenny to the charm of diversity in sex. And they are quite as able to provide themselves with male company as she, though their methods may be subtler and more restrained. By a Jean, I do not indicate an intellectual or a social superior, or the reverse. I mean merely the type of

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girl who I should judge wrote to The Survey, about her lack of masculine friends, lovers, suitors or husbands-to-be.

To her, and to her only, I repeat that her interest in men appears to me to be more derived than Jenny's, and less direct. She lacks that immediate, consummate "drag" toward any member of the opposite sex that Jenny seems to feel, and that the New Mexican young men exhibited toward my neighbors. She does not, like them, turn to a possible mate as a needle to the pole. She perhaps would like the display of a wedding. Or the comfort of an attractive home. Or she wants to bring up a child. Or she is tired and wants to quit work. Or her friends are married, and she wants to be in style. But her interest in a man is largely because he happens to be the social agent that brings these rewards about. She does not experience any exhilarating thrill when a man crosses her threshold, whereas anyone with the Jenny temperament does. Jenny bridles and pats her spit curls by instinct for the benefit of the very policeman who arrested her. He may have pulled her roughly about, and given her a few harsh words. On the other hand he is stalwart, in uniform, and a man. It simply is not in Jenny's make-up to hold out against such charms even though his hand were on the rope to hang her. I am often asked why intelligent men are so often attracted to moron Jennys, and this I believe is the answer. Jenny is so immensely attracted to them.

Even the traffic-cop

Why does the lamb love Mary so?
The eager children cry.
Why Mary loves the lamb you know,
And that's the reason why.

This is the secret of the mysterious IT of which the movies say so much. Jenny is so overwhelmingly attracted by anything in the guise of a man, that it warms up the most bewhiskered and bespectacled of them to be near her. In fact, the more bewhiskered and bespectacled he is, the less attention the Jeans are likely to have paid him, and the more grateful he is for Jenny's honest and obvious delight in his approach.

If Jean lacks IT, the way to acquire it is to cultivate an absorbing sensitiveness to the IT in men—in any man at all! Jenny has not many resources. Her inner life and her outward equipment are both of the thinnest and most scanty. What little force she has therefore is concentrated on the one thing she understands. I never can get used to the actuality of Jenny's infatuations after observing what she has risked to secure them. I see Jenny who has slept in an entry, waded through slush in her slippers, quit her job, lived on one meal a day or none, undergone flight, arrest, cold, mud and vermin. For what?

She tells me that she bore this martyrdom for the sake of a boy whose first name is Slats and whose last name she never heard. She does not intend to marry him. She does not know his address. But she gave him her wages, the contents of her father's cash drawer, and is ready to follow him to the world's end. There is IT for you! By this time, despite all previous disappointments, I am prepared for a prodigy of allurement. Surely Slats must be nothing less than Apollo, Romeo and Mephisto rolled in one. Then he enters the room. And I (being something of a Jean) stare at him in blank wonder. Not only can I see none of the fascination in him than Jenny saw, but Slats apparently sees none in Jenny. She at least knew his first name. He does not even know that much about her and he is not interested enough to find out. He looks angry, hungry, dirty and as devoid of IT as a dilapidated broomstick. I stare, but cannot see below the surface to Jenny's ecstatic vision. Most amazing of all, flexible Jenny can immediately abandon Slats, for whom she has sacrificed so much, and the next time appear with Fatty—equally without magnetism to me, but equally possessed of the divine flame to Jenny.

Let me repeat that this emotional inflammability is a matter of the individual temperament, and not of the social level. I recall two contrasted individuals, neither of whom were morons nor under arrest, but who stood at the two poles of susceptibility to the urge of IT. One was Mrs. Sweeney, well dressed, with an income, but with a Jenny soul. No man in the rooming-house was too tiresome, no time of night or day too inconvenient for her to be charmed by any of the brotherhood. As some like horses, and some like fish, Mrs. Sweeney palpitated to a man. A forlorn chiropractor fell ill on the next floor, and Mrs. Sweeney looked after him as a mother would nurse her child. He was absolutely nothing to her. But she could not have been kinder to him if he had been her all. She ran his errands and listened to his complaints, as a voluntary tribute to his sex.

Lucky for him that Mrs. Sweeney and not Miss Houghnagle shared the same roof. I recall with vividness how the latter lady met me at the station of a small town where I was to spend the summer, with the following words:

"I hope that you will enjoy your stay. I tell you at once that there are no men in town. Personally I like it. I am glad that there are none. I don't enjoy them. I am afraid of them. I am always glad when I needn't see them nor be bothered with them. If you feel as I do, you will like the town too. If you don't, maybe you won't. Anyhow, like it or not, there are no men."

None could talk more to the point than Miss Houghnagle, or paint her picture with surer stroke. Beside her cold precision Mrs. Sweeney was a fluttering, chattering, simmering kettle of hot mush.

AT either end of the scale they stand. Miss Houghnagle enjoying an atmosphere from which Mrs. Sweeney would have fled as she would flee from leprosy. If we enjoy our own comfortable chair, chafing-dish suppers, camps, committee meetings and our evenings undisturbed by masculine clatter, we range ourselves toward the Jean end of the scale. If on the other hand, we leap from our most absorbing work, from a comfortable hammock, from grand opera, from a sick bed, from the operating table, and like a cavalry horse at the bugle call plunge gladly into sleet and snow, in order to eat an ice-cream cone with a man whose name we cannot even recall—then we can qualify for the Jenny Club!

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Knowing exactly what we want, like Jenny herself we will get it.

Miss Houghnagle also protests tartly, that she too knows exactly what she wants, and that she too gets it. The trouble with most of us is that we stay at neither extreme of the scale, nor at any given point between. We want different things at different times and in different moods. So we pay the penalty of all waverers. Either we do not get what we want, or we do not recognize it when we do, which is just as bad.

CERTAINLY a court referee is in no position to see the advantages of Jenny's single-hearted purpose. She has every reason to recommend the behavior of the Jeans. Nevertheless justice demands that Jenny be given her due. Jenny gets what she is after. But she sacrifices too much to get it, as do most enthusiasts with but one idea. She may be careless of her reputation, but she is equally careless of her personal comforts. She demands little of her sweetheart (when she is young) and she gives him all too much. She expects to work for him. She shares her money with him if she has any. She wastes on him her youth, her health and all that makes life good. All this despite the fact that more than likely he wants neither it nor her, and casts both to the winds. It is reckless on Jenny's part. It is foolish. It is tragic. But at least her headlong prodigality is not stingy with what she has to give. Beside her imbecile generosity, sometimes the insistent self-absorption of the more respectable, jangles a bit off key.

Many a Jean has said to me:

"I'm tired of my job. I'd like to marry. And of course if I did, I would devote myself to my husband, and give up my career."

She gives voice to this with the complacent merit of a queen laying down her crown. To me (and to Jenny) this means in plain English, that she is tired of an eight-hour day, that she would like to be her own boss, take a nap after lunch, be a lady of consequence, and above all—have a change. Her "career" which netted her $150 a month, she is ready to sacrifice, so that some nice young man who doesn't earn much more, can enjoy the treat of paying her bills. Grim, practical Jenny may be a fool, but she indulges in no such fairy tales. She knows nothing of careers. But experience has taught her that jobs are hard to get, and that she and her husband will be lucky if either of them can get one, from time to time. She hates work much more than Jean, and Heaven knows that she is always ready for a change. But she has no illusions that matrimony means leisure. It means only that she has got her man, with all his liabilities. And while she has him, she expects to pay for him in a world of hard knocks. If she loses him (which is more than likely) undaunted, she will try again. Marriage on such stark terms hardly fits into Jean's daydreams. She dallies wistfully with the idea, rather than endure the actuality. So Jenny marries and Jean does not. Probably both girls in their subconscious know what they want. And both are getting it.

When all is said and done—it is mostly luck! Plenty of commonplace women get married without stirring from their own door steps. And no doubt there are attractive spinsters left over even in Malta. Says the professor—90 per cent of women over forty-five have married at least once. Why do nine men strike oil in their backyards, and the tenth nothing but tin cans? Who shall say?

The situation has been summed up far better in one sentence by a rural observer, than I could say it in a book. She was an elderly widow discussing with a friend of mine the topic upon which we have just discoursed at so great length. Her conclusion embodies within itself a profundity which the lady who uttered it, like all oracles, scarcely guessed. It breathes the inexorability of fate, and the pathos of the dirge. She said—"When a Man has no dear companion, it is easy for him to find himself a mate. But for a Woman, it's a dret'ful putterin' job."

Yes girls, be ye Jean or Jenny—the village seer spoke truly. For women, it's a putterin' job indeed!

At best it's a putterin' job

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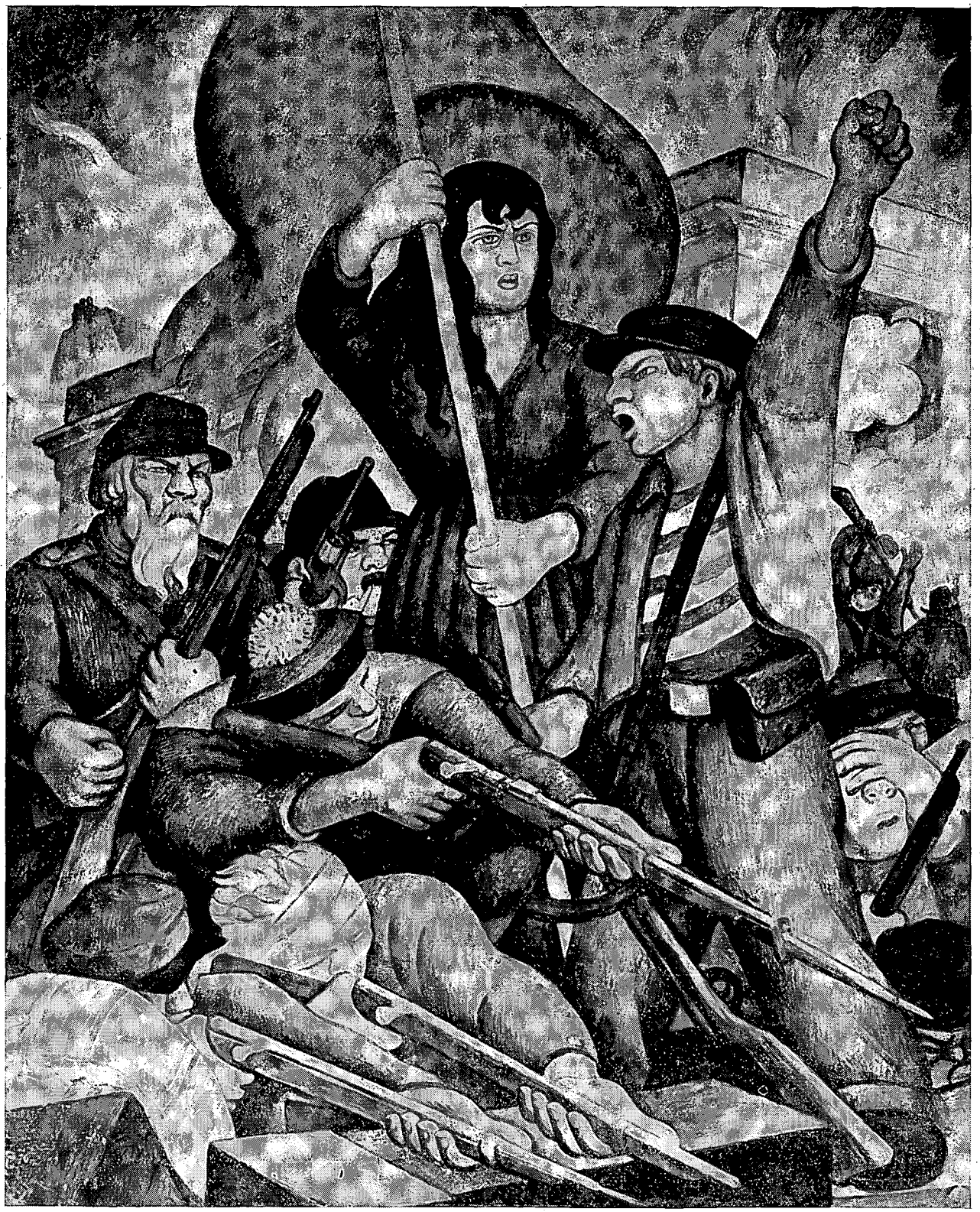

The French Commune

Collection of Hubert C. Herring

Recent Paintings

By Diego Rivera

The conquest of Mexico—by Rivera—is being followed by his conquest of the United States, only in the last few years growing conscious of the artists south of the Rio Grande. Last year San Francisco commissions were executed by Rivera (the mural, California, was reproduced in the September Survey Graphic) and now he is in New York, completing a group of frescoes for an immediate exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, a large display of his work at which the paintings on these two pages will be shown. His next commission is for the Detroit Museum of Art.

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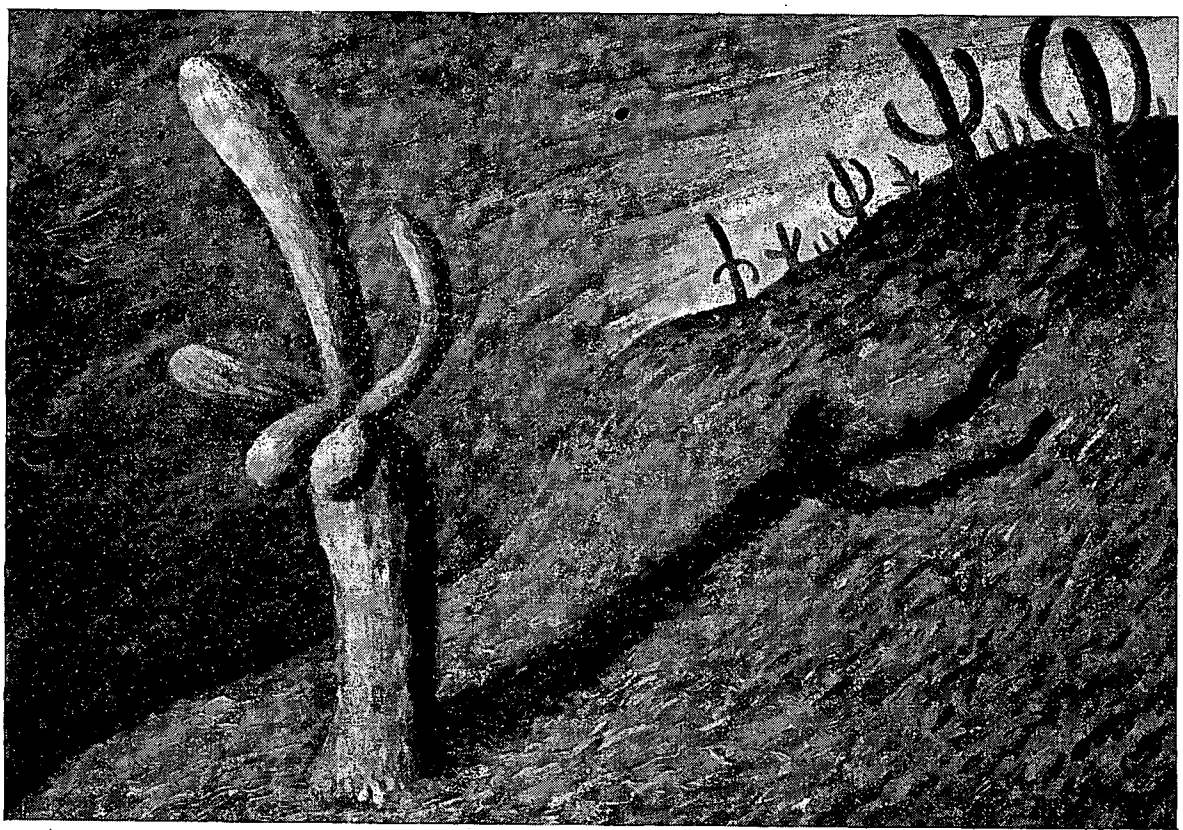

Cactus on a Hillside

Collection of the artist

Children of the Tropics

Private Collection

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Social Consequences of Depression

By JANE ADDAMS

THERE are various traditions surrounding the man out of work which inevitably influence our minds in periods of depression such as this. For many years in England the vagrant who entered a village was promptly clapped into the stocks and remained there sometimes for three days and three nights as a warning to all beholders, for if a man was idle he would be hungry, and if hungry, he would be likely to steal!

The element of discipline thus early recognized persists even among the very families of the unemployed. Simple women who do not read the papers nor see much of the outside world, keep closely to old patterns of conduct—wherein it is a man's business to work in order to support his family. An astonishing number of these women—ridden by fear lest their children starve—continually harass a disheartened husband who comes home from a futile search for work by the assertion that anyone can find work who really wants it. This attitude naturally extends to the mother-in-law, who often takes home her married daughter with the little children "but will not feed *him*." To the overcrowding which ensues when one family moves into the already inadequate quarters occupied by another family, to the irritation so easily a by-product of anxiety, is added a profound sense of disapproval of the husband and father out of work, which often results in permanent alienation.

In many ways in times of depression the stage is set for that most cruel and futile of all our undertakings—one human being punishing another in order to reform his character. This belief in punishment is reflected in the zeal with which we are sending out of the country every foreign-born man against whom some technical grounds for rejection can be found, "liable to become a public charge" being the one most often used. Compelled by economic conditions over which they have no control, many of them return with heavy hearts into more distress than that to which their unemployment had reduced them here. If it seems necessary to do this harsh thing, surely it should be done because of economic reasons and not in the spirit of punishment of the immigrant because he is poor and jobless.

This disciplinary attitude toward a man out of work is largely founded upon two assumptions, both of them incorrect. One is that a man will not work unless driven by hunger, in spite of the well known physiological fact that hunger does not impel a man to work but so often saps his energies that in the end work may become impossible. The second is that the man does not wish to work, but deliberately chooses idleness. This latter assumption is based upon a mistaken idea of what leisure means to the poorest. The well-to-do man has plenty of pleasant ways to spend his leisure time. He can golf, sit in a comfortable club with his friends, read in his own library, run the lawn mower over the grass. The poor man has only his crowded home, where a busy wife does not want him sitting around, or the street where he tramps weary hours looking for work, growing more humiliated with each rejection until leisure becomes a misery. Men have always paid a high price for lack of occupation! Perhaps, therefore, the first of the untoward social consequences of such a period of depression which we need to guard against is the tendency to call a man a failure because he is out of work. It is always easy in America to judge a man by his success in business, to believe that he is receiving the rewards of virtue as well as the rewards of his ability and business acumen, which of course may or may not be true. It would be most unfortunate if we permitted this division into the virtuous successful and the reprehensible failures to become a permanent category.

Another consequence to be considered, and if possible avoided, is the lasting effect of such a period upon the vitality and ambition of thousands of our fellow-citizens. In 1919 Dr. Alice Hamilton and myself went with a group of English and American Quakers into Germany to report upon the effects on children of the prolonged underfeeding resulting from the War and the food blockade. We did not find that children had actually died of starvation although the deathrate was higher, but that the months of underfeeding, of never having had enough, had resulted in stunted growth, in rickets and tuberculosis, and in dulled minds and warped dispositions. It would be hard to tell how much of the difficulty in Europe since the War could have been composed without irritation and rancor if the young men who are now coming into power had had a more normal childhood.

WE must remember that this is the second year of underfeeding for some families in the United States and the third year for others. What effect will it have on the coming generation? Already the tuberculosis rate is rising, the daily consumption of milk has been reduced in some cities by one third, and public school teachers report lowered vitality and loss of alertness among children from poorer quarters.

We are in danger that the prolonged depletion of physical strength and mental vigor, affecting many men at the present moment, may menace the very sources of social progress. Nowhere is this more touchingly exhibited than among the young men and girls looking for work during the first year after they have left highschool or college. They have been so elaborately prepared for the life which lay before them that it never occurred to them in all their getting ready that they would not be wanted when they at last arrived. The effect upon them of what the psychologists call "baulked disposition," the fact that a unique place in the world, which is so dear to the imaginations of the young, was not waiting for each one, wastes at the very beginning that precious enthusiasm so necessary in healing social ills.

On the contrary, the consequences upon big industry have been encouraging in many ways. Early in the depression, the Procter and Gamble Company, in Cincinnati, successfully stabilized employment throughout the year, the International Harvester and other great corporations have steadily lent money to their former employes upon the assumption of repayment when they should return to work; but perhaps

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the most encouraging of all is the plan recently announced by Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company, which advocates that each group of the great industries should regulate employment by the basic method of a careful estimate of the output required, as well as by providing unemployment insurance through the mutual efforts of all concerned. This plan also predicates governmental supervision. Its widespread discussion and favorable comment at least registers an approval of the fact that big industry is ready to hold itself responsible not only for its own unemployed, but also to avert the overproduction and lack of planning implicit in the situation itself.

Social consequences of such a period of depression will doubtless also be registered upon the practice of government. We have gradually found it possible in the United States, in spite of our vaunted individualism, to provide state insurance of various sorts against the hazards of industry; almost every state makes provision of so-called "widows' pensions," that fatherless children may be properly cared for; seventeen states, including New York and California, have established old-age pensions and have found that to remove from the ranks of the unemployed thousands of elderly people in itself makes for stability. It is also true that it is cheaper to provide for an aged person with a pension than to care for him in the poorhouse. California saves thirteen dollars a month on each case thus provided for. Although the insurance funds are usually secured from the tax resources of the state at large, the administration of all these pension systems is naturally in the hands of local units of government. But in spite of this factor of local administration there seems to be a curious hesitancy in regard to unemployment insurance and a confusion in the public mind as to what it implies.

In any discussion of extending such provision to the unemployed, it is well to remember that approximately 70 per cent of the sources for relief during this entire period of depression have already come from public taxes. As few states and no counties or municipalities have power to levy taxes on incomes, these taxes have largely been paid by owners of real estate. In some cases this is manifestly unfair. We are told, for instance, that 6 per cent of the unemployed of the entire country are to be found in Detroit, and it would seem just that their maintenance should depend not upon the citizens of Detroit who own real estate there, but upon stockholders living in various parts of the country, whose incomes are derived from industries centered in Detroit.

IN proportion as our great industries have become nation-wide in ownership, it would seem a normal process to support our unemployed by national taxation. It has in fact been suggested by a committee of able business men that it be done by an income tax of 1 per cent beginning with incomes of $1000 and with surtaxes starting at lower brackets, but with a greater distinction than at present between earned and unearned incomes. This 1 per cent tax on all incomes should be retained as an unemployment and old-age fund, a commission making it effective in cooperation with the states.

These business men point out that the federal system of income tax is a going concern and would afford the most prompt method of securing relief in the present crisis. There may be a connection between this lack of income tax, or rather the theory of municipality tax versus national tax, and the fact that during sixty days last year in Detroit and its immediate vicinity, 50,000 small home owners were obliged to give up all equity in their property and to see the loss of their entire savings, because they could not earn the money either to meet the payments on their mortgages or to defray their taxes. Such a limitation of the taxation for the care of public charges to local units of government also works against the entire movement for the ownership of modest homes. A mine is closed, a factory about which a village centers is shut down, and the burden of relief falls upon the very men themselves in need of public help. The situation is less obvious in cities, but exists there on a large scale.

Many immigrant families, who have been able to save money and finally to invest it in a house and lot, have lost both in this period of unemployment. After two or three years in a suburb, they return, defeated, to the neighborhood in which they first lived, obliged to lower their standard of living, to be received back into the households of relatives. In one month last spring thirty children who had lived in the suburbs came back to one school in the Hull-House district. Whether they miss the school more than their mothers miss the rows of vegetables in the garden or their fathers the dream of independent existence among prosperous Americans, it is hard to tell. The whole family are evidently maladjusted in the surroundings which they had so hopefully left, and it is doubtful whether they will ever make another start. Certainly they are frightened at the very notion of owning a house. Sometimes their equity was small, but the sense of ownership was complete. The loss of such precious energy and ambition may become one of the most disastrous social consequences of the depression.

OF course any such proposition that we meet the situation on a national scale, is at once countered by tales of disaster connected with the "dole" in England, which by no means settles the question. What is now called the "dole" in England is in fact a system of unemployment insurance started before the War, to which employers, workers, and the government contributed in almost equal amounts. With the breakdown of industry during the years following the War, the government, whether Conservative, Liberal, or Labor, has been obliged to bear the burden of paying the unemployment insurance. The English government would have been responsible in any case, because our Anglo-Saxon theory does not allow any man to starve. The national government in England has probably performed this service as effectively as any other unit of government could have done it. Certainly almshouses could not have sheltered a modicum of the unemployed and their families, if Poor-Law guardians had been held responsible and obliged to follow beaten paths.

In the United States we cannot argue, in the face of the current $900,000,000 deficit in the federal treasury, that the absence of the "dole" insures us against budgetary troubles. While the resources of this country undoubtedly are much larger than those of Great Britian, it must be remembered that the threatened deficit which caused the crisis is not more than one quarter of our own; that the relief obtained through our improvised machinery is quite as injurious to self-respect as benefits distributed at the British employment offices under definite provisions and public administration.

Two questions are before us in the United States: first, to determine how the funds necessary may be apportioned most fairly; and, second, how adequate provision may be made for our unfortunate fellow-citizens. We must not forget that a period of depression connotes vast human suffering and bewilderment, and that to avert disastrous social consequences is a primary obligation.

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Potions and Pills

The High Cost of Mystery

By MARY ROSS

IN the early part of the seventeenth century there was a dispute between the English guild of grocers and the guild of druggists. The grocers sold remedies which the druggists felt belonged in their province alone. King James was petitioned to settle the quarrel. "Grocers are but merchants," the decision declared, ruling in favor of the druggists. "The business of the apothecaries is a mystery."

Mystery it remains to the customer at the corner drugstore whether he drops in at his own initiative to ask for a bottle of Sure-Kure Koff Syrup or appears with a prescription from his doctor headed by the cabalistic symbol which once was an invocation to Jupiter but now signifies merely recipe. He is sick; he pays his money; he gets his pill and takes it. Maybe he feels better. If he does, maybe the pill is responsible, maybe it isn't. If he doesn't, maybe the medicine kept him from feeling even worse. He doesn't know. But apparently he both wants and believes in something; for this business of pills, powders and potions runs to $715,000,000 a year in these United States, as much as we spend in a year for the services of doctors or of hospitals, far more than we pay to dentists, nurses or non-medical healers.

The old distinction between merchant and apothecary has vanished, for the making and distribution of drugs itself has become big business. But big business in what—in science or mystery? What are we buying and what do we get? These questions, among others, lie back of a study recently made by the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care. They are considered in the report to be published by the University of Chicago Press—The Costs of Medicine: A Study of the Economics of Pharmacy, by C. Rufus Rorem, an economist, and Robert P. Fischelis, a doctor of pharmacy.

The surveyors found that on the bursting shelves of a well stocked corner drugstore there are usually, in addition to flat-irons, toys, novels, cosmetics and miscellaneous doodads, some three or four thousand different drugs and medicines. One California drugstore, for example, had 148 different brands of liver pills. In a large hospital's pharmacy, from which medicine is dispensed for hundreds of people with every variety of illness, the medical stock includes perhaps two hundred different items.

During a year the "average" American spends about $5.50 for drugs and medicines. Only a little more than a quarter of this—about $1.50—goes for prescriptions ordered through a doctor or hospital. When patients are under the continuous supervision of doctors to whom they pay an annual fee (and the doctor, therefore, is under no pressure to hand out a tangible prescription as a kind of reward for the fee paid for a particular office visit) the amount spent for drugs is still less. In the student health services of large universities it averages annually from twenty to fifty cents per eligible person; for every visit at which a prescription is given, there are five to six visits in which the doctor finds drugs unnecessary.

SOMEWHERE between these two sets of figures—between the twenty to fifty cents a year spent for medicines in the student health services and the average of $5.50 spent by the population at large—lies a point beyond which our medicine money goes not for science but for an organized business of mystery. We may measure it in one way in the discrepancy between the two hundred "official" drugs and medicines found adequate by the hospital and the additional thousands of competing preparations under fancy trademarked names that the drugstores carry to meet our wishes when we ourselves act as the medicine-man. In the aggregate, Americans pay at least $300,000,000 a year for drugs and medicines which are unnecessary or useless or both, and in some cases actually harmful.

Of the annual drug bill of $715,000,000, $190,000,000 goes for prescriptions written by doctors in their offices or ordered in hospitals; $360,000,000 goes for "patent" medicines (more accurately proprietary medicines, since few are actually patented), secret in formula, advertised directly to the public for use without benefit of a physician's advice, and in great part actually consumed by the public without the advice or approval of doctors. The remainder—$165,000,000—is spent for home remedies such as codliver oil, bicarbonate of soda and the like; non-secret preparations which can be used safely to treat common ailments in the absence of medical advice.

Figuring that the prescriptions represent sound medical advice, that the home remedies and possibly a fifth of the secret proprietary medicines are useful in medical care, the Committee estimates that nearly half of the total outlay—the $300,000,000 men-

Where the Medicine Money Goes

We Americans spend some $715,000,000 a year for drugs and the like. About half of it "has no scientific justification for the care of sickness." We follow a familiar old trail into the drugstore, one half the time to have a prescription filled, the other half for some mysterious potion which has been recommended to us in advertising to the tune of $70,000,000 a year. A report by the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, here reviewed, shows us a nation with a child-like faith in pills.

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tioned above—has no scientific justification for the care of sickness. This computation is based on the present organization of the drug business. Far greater savings could be made, of course, if medicines were bought and sold under their simple scientific names, doing away with the wasteful competition of trademarked brands which add to the druggists' overhead and account for an annual outlay of $70,000,000 in advertising alone; and if doctors as well as drugstores were not under the compulsion of providing substances to satisfy the patient's desire for something to take, even though scientific judgment affirms that what he needs is to sleep more or eat less or follow some other simple advice that makes it necessary for the patient himself to do more than swallow.

A PHYSICIAN quoted by the authors of the present report expressed a belief that doctors are far less interested in drugs than they used to be, realizing how limited the instances in which medicines have a specific action, how much greater the importance of ways of living that give nature a chance to do its automatic healing. Centuries ago a wise and brave physician said, "I cared for him but God gave the cure." But in such a viewpoint, doctors would seem not to have carried the patients along with them. Self-medication is increasing, supporting, and in turn stimulated by a thriving nation-wide business.

As a business, the survey finds that it contains less fraud than waste.

> There is no evidence [the authors hold] to show that most manufacturers of drugs and medicines reap immense profits. Competition tends to keep the sale price of medicines at a fairly reasonable level, considering the demand created by well planned advertising. Even though the ingredients of patent medicines may be obtained at low prices in wholesale quantities, this fact is of no interest to a consumer who wishes to buy medicine by the bottle. If the manufacture of medicines is to be conducted for profit and if medicines are to be sold as merchandise, the public has no more right to complain of the prices for medicines than of the prices for automobiles, oranges or theater tickets. With regard to the quality of medicines, it must be said in fairness to the manufacturers of patent medicines that most of the medicines correspond to the claims made for them by the manufacturers.

Government regulation and public education have done away with the most shocking patent medicine scandals of an earlier day, though possibly $18,000,000 of the patent medicine money still goes each year to downright quacks and fakers. Beyond this direct misrepresentation, the advertising and labels of other products are worded within the law to suggest hopes to the purchaser which could not be justified scientifically.

The law requires that the label declare the presence of certain dangerous ingredients. What most people do not realize, however, is that it *does not require that the whole formula be given to anyone—government, doctor or patient.* The buyer of patent medicines is protected, by and large, from dosing his baby with opium under the name of soothing syrup; or from taking as a "tonic" what is merely flavored alcohol. With relatively minor lapses, he is guarded against the claims of out-and-out quacks who would convince him that they have a "cure" for cancer or tuberculosis. But to the extent of some $360,000,000 a year he still "purchases an article the composition of which is secret and the action of which he does not fully understand to serve a need the nature of which he does not ordinarily comprehend." The chances are that he is wasting his money. Probably he also will be wasting his time and energies, sometimes even his life by trying to take a shot in the dark at his illness instead of going to someone qualified to tell him what is the trouble and to use the knowledge science has for combating it.

Abolition of secret-formula drugs and medicines is the first of the recommendations which the Committee bases on this study. It should be compulsory, they believe, to state on the label the kind and quantity of medical ingredients. Individuals or enterprises who have developed new and distinct preparations should be financially protected by appropriate privileges granted by the U. S. Patent Office or by a disinterested agency established for that purpose. All manufacturers of drugs and medicines, they believe further, should be required to operate under annual licenses granted upon compliance with conditions in regard to competency of personnel, conditions of manufacture and standardization of the finished product.

A guide to the safe and economical purchase of medicine should be established by physicians through accurate information on the proper use of a selected list of "home remedies" appropriate for self-medication. Such lists could be distributed by health departments, hospitals, drugstores and the like. More adequate use should be made of the professional knowledge and skill of pharmacists, who now spend only about a tenth of their time in prescription-compounding, the rest in selling or soda-jerking. The physician could do this by writing real prescriptions, instead of ordering "ethical specialties," ready-mixed preparations under a trade name. Druggists should be permitted to advise customers in the proper use of medicine purchased for self-medication, but not to the extent of diagnosing the patients' ailments or recommending medicine based upon description of symptoms; they should be used to distribute general health information prepared by health departments, and information on physicians and hospitals on the basis of lists of physicians or schedules of fees provided by local medical associations. Finally, "official" lists of drugs and standards for drugs should be established continuously by some independent, scientific body, such as the Bureau of Standards, and not as at present, decennially, by groups representing not only governmental agencies and scientific bodies but also the manufacturers and distributors of drugs.

BEYOND the factual scope of the study, the Committee's picture of a self-dosing, money-wasting American people suggests a number of points of interest both to people who take medicines and those who do or don't prescribe them.

There has been no popular protest against the cost of drugs, though in the aggregate it is as great as the items of which we have complained—the money we pay to doctors and hospitals. To the patient the two kinds of expense present an utterly different picture. He goes to the drugstore and pays out a small definite amount, most often at his own initiative. Though these amounts may come to a considerable sum over a year, they do not hit him a hard crack at any one time. To an appreciable extent they are within his own control. Furthermore the nation's medicine bill is distributed not only over time, but also among a large number of people. Almost all families pay some part of it; practically none pays a lot. This is very different from payments for doctors and hospitals, (*Continued on page* 390)

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England After the Deluge

What of the Social Services and the Standard of Living?

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

READERS of The Survey are in no need of being reminded that England this fall has been through a political convulsion of terrific violence. We have had a national election of a kind that you in America do not know. I witnessed the overthrow of Wilsonism in 1920. I followed the popular endorsement of Neo-Calvinism in 1924, and the avalanche by which Al Smith was overwhelmed in 1928. There was nothing in these three events, remarkable though they were, to compare with the triumph of Ramsay MacDonald and his "National" Government in October 1931. That was stupendous, indescribable. In has brought to an end an epoch in the democratic development of England to which, for the outside world, an unusual and variously encouraging interest was attached. It has put a resounding finish to the trial period of British Labor as a constitutional progressive movement. And it has transferred to the Other Side a triad of leaders, possessing the only names that had become known throughout the world as representatives of British Labor, two of the three—Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden—being names that had long carried a halo of democratic romance.

My business in this article is not to describe the tragedy of the Labor Cabinet in August, the weaving of the Tory spells around Mr. MacDonald in September, or the smashing of the Labor Party in October. But I could hardly set out upon the task of discussing the social character and results of the election, and the outlook for 1932 in regard to the national social services of England, without a few preliminary words on the unexampled political tempest, which "has of late o'er pale Britannia passed."

The onset and the amazing incidents of this tempest will, we may be quite sure, remain for the rest of their lives in the memory of all those English men and women whose active work in politics or social service belongs to the first thirty years of the twentieth century. We can see plainly enough that the two years 1929-31 mark a crucial turn for England; we are aware that Ramsay MacDonald is a figure of destiny. Some four years ago that shrewd analyst of men and events, H. N. Brailsford, affirmed that Nature had intended Mr. MacDonald to lead the Tory Party. Everybody can see now that his break with Labor at the end of a second premiership was no less natural than Lloyd George's break with Liberalism at the end of the War. In politics there are no impossibles. We ought all to understand by this time that there need be no surprises.

Two Notable Periods

IN the recent parliamentary history of England there are two periods which have been studied with keen interest by students of social evolution and by social workers. The first is the period between 1906 and 1914, the years of the last Liberal Government dominated by Asquith and Lloyd George. The second is the spell of three years, divided by a longish interval of Tory rule, comprising the short terms of office by the two MacDonald Labor Governments. The former was a period of astonishing activity in social legislation: a series of measures so intelligently worked out, so vigorously pushed through, and so successful in operation that they stand in the records of modern democratic systems alike as models and as an educative stimulus.

The British citizen with an effective memory of thirty years may remind himself that at the dawn of the present century his country was, in the matter of public social services, living still in the penumbra of mid-Victorian laissez-faire. The English worker went through life under the three-fold terror of enforced idleness, ill-health and an indigent old age. It was commonly said, and fairly proved, that one elderly person out of every four ended his days at the public charge—in poorhouse, infirmary, asylum, or jail.

Less than a decade of energetic pressure and enlightened parliamentary work wrought an amazing difference in the British social scene. First, the shadow was removed from the worker's old age. A little pension was granted, as the right of every man and woman, no matter what their condition, on reaching seventy years. (Later legislation has increased the amount of the pension, brought it within the reach of the insured worker at sixty-five, and made special provision for widows.)

Following old-age pensions the Government took a long step forward by establishing, in 1912, the system of national insurance against unemployment, loss of health, and the special needs of maternity. The act by which this great service was inaugurated, as I need hardly point out, did not impose upon England that fearsome thing the dole. National insurance as devised and built up, and as maintained until the post-war depression undermined the structure, embodied a genuine method of contributory insurance, towards which the employer, the worker and the state all made strictly regulated contributions. After the first difficult years the system worked with little friction. The employing classes learned to understand its advantages; the wage-earners accepted it; and as time went on they saw in it—particularly as regards medical and maternity benefit—certain invaluable elements of what, with reasonable good fortune, might be developed into a full citizens' charter of public service and collective responsibility. England, in a word, had rid her social system of a dark stain and had given to the millions of her workers a relief and hope to which hitherto they had been strangers.

In the meantime the corresponding departments of local government and community welfare were being extended, improved and socially aerated. The epoch of enlightened public enterprise was justifying itself, was bearing the social

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fruit which its inspirers and designers had foreseen. And then, very nearly ten years ago, England was plunged into the deeps of industrial and commercial depression from which, down to the critical second year of the second MacDonald Government, she had shown no sign of being able to emerge.

The Crisis of Unemployment

A LEADING Conservative statesman said to me six months ago that there was now only one vital question left in our home affairs—the dole. As it happened, and as the whole nation learned during the fall election, my eminent acquaintance was mistaken. But it is unquestionably true that until the approach of the national financial crisis of the summer, the dole, its politics, its abuses and its multiple ramifications seemed to overshadow the entire field of our domestic concerns. The Labor Government was, of necessity, vitally involved. Unemployment, said the Government minister of education, H. H. Lees-Smith, brings down every government in the end. But was there any reason why unemployment, and the finances entangled with it, should bring down the MacDonald Labor Cabinet in the crisis of August 1931? Let us see.

The Evening Times, Glasgow

The shadow over the "Mother of Parliaments." "Unemployment brings down every government in the end"

Looking back to the conditions of 1929, when the Government came in, we can see that the chances of the Labor ministers making good and escaping a dire judgment were almost non-existent. They took hold of the reins in June. The first stock-exchange collapse came in October. The winter of 1929-30 preluded the terrible stage of depression which was to be marked by a total of 2,800,000 registered unemployed by the time of MacDonald's split with his colleagues at the end of last summer.

Now, on the basis of these events and the statistics which illustrate them, the Labor Government had an adequate and, so far as it went, an unanswerable defense. They were not responsible—in no sense was Britain or its government responsible—for the crashes in New York and the consequent American slump, for the ruinous drop in world prices, the silver crisis, the disasters of Brazil and Australia, the merciless tariffs all over the world and the other concomitants of a universal calamity. And if it were said that, in presence of a mounting total of unemployment, the Government was doing little to justify the election claim that the Labor Party alone possessed a remedy for the scourge, the rebuttal might fairly have been that their opponents, in four years of far less difficulty, had done almost nothing at all.

There was, it was true, one particular argument which Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues might have used in turning the attack of the Conservatives with reference to the unemployment figures, but that was a weapon which they could not use—namely, the well known opinions and the rigid temper of their own chancellor of the exchequer. Philip Snowden (now Viscount Snowden) was chancellor in the first Labor Cabinet and as a matter of course was given the same office in the second. Whether he had during the five-year interval undergone a complete mental change, or whether at any time after the War he found himself able to agree with the Labor Party programs—with the proposals, for example, of "Labor and the Nation" which he latterly held up to scorn—one cannot tell. At any rate it was known within a few months of Labor's return to office that Mr. Snowden was antagonistic to schemes of government development and to the laying out of public funds upon constructive work for the unemployed. In one of his last speeches in the Commons he had asserted, with withering contempt, that the program of "Labor and the Nation" would cost the equivalent of five million dollars. But it has been recalled that not much more than a year before resuming office he had accepted, as a tolerable estimate, the figure of one billion dollars and had intimated that he could without difficulty see the ways by which that money could be found.

The Crisis of the Dole

THE plain fact is that the Labor Government in 1930 could have done nothing original or adventurous for the reduction of unemployment, even if Mr. MacDonald (preoccupied as he was with India, Europe and disarmament) had been inclined for such adventure. Parliament was against it, the gloom of financial crisis was deepening and, as I have said, Mr. Snowden was implacable. It was at this point that there was disclosed the full shape of a new menace, connected with the insolvency of the National Insurance Fund. Under the prolonged strain of the hard times, with over two and one half million people on the unemployed register, the contributory system had broken down. The fund was kept going on loans; and by the beginning of 1931 it was realized that the peril of an insolvent national fund had to be faced.

Mr. Snowden in February warned the House of Commons, in a speech described as the most serious utterance that had ever come from a chancellor of the exchequer. Yielding to pressure from the Liberals the Government appointed a committee to inquire into economy and the abuses of the dole, and it was the first report of that Committee which, at midsummer, compelled the Labor Government to

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devise a scheme of administrative economies and to attack the anomalies and abuses of "transitional benefit"—that is, the benefit paid to workless people who have exhausted their claims under the contributory system and are given the advantage of temporary or emergency provision.

The Dole and the Pound

I PAUSE here for a word on one aspect of the election campaign, as influenced by the dole, which is of undeniable interest. Working-class voters throughout the country were harassed and puzzled by the whole business. The Labor Government in its last months of office was compelled to make economies and to deal with abuses and evasions. And when the Labor Cabinet was on the point of going out, the country learned that Arthur Henderson and his colleagues, who had refused to go along with MacDonald and Snowden, had consented in cabinet discussions to some nine tenths of the drastic measures proposed. The Labor Party in the election stood for maintaining working-class standards and the restoration as soon as possible of the former level of unemployment benefit. Mr. MacDonald and the National Government contended that *they* had acted for the upholding of a minimum standard, had prevented a flight from the pound, and in doing so had protected the credit of Britain and saved alike the people's savings, their pensions and the benefit for the unemployed. The Bishop of London declared that if the National Government were defeated the pound sterling would be down to a penny. Mr. Snowden said that but for the decisions of August and the sudden action of MacDonald and himself, there would have been no money in the treasury to pay pensions or the dole. That appeal did it. The words of these leaders were believed. The workers, in jobs and out of them, did not trust Arthur Henderson and his associates. They *did* believe those who spoke for the National Government—with the backing of the great interests which had combined to bring the Labor Government down.

There is one other important point to be noted here. The workers of Britain today include a relatively large number who hold some small amount of property, usually in the shape of homes, savings-bank deposits or shares in building societies and kindred associations. Since the War we have encouraged the growth of a class of small-property owners, who are made cautious thereby, have attained something of the petit-bourgeois consciousness, and in this recent election, there can be no doubt, took very seriously the reiterated warnings from on high as to the deadly peril in which the nation stood. Indeed, among our humblest people we may have, as some politicians argue, a larger number of the Haves than of the Have-nots; and they, especially the women, rushed to the polls in defense of their nest-eggs. And who, in a world such as the one we now inhabit, can wonder at their doing so?

Always Changing

IT should hardly be necessary to recall the fact that the Labor Government was accused of dangerously enlarging the scope of national insurance and of refusing, even when legislating for the reform of abuses, to face up to the consequences of its policy. Certainly the conditions governing the dole were in some respects made easier. Far too many married women who had given up working had contrived to remain on the register. Margaret Bondfield as minister of labor was practically compelled to make concessions to the Labor members in the House when it came to fixing the revised rules as to certain classes of applicants for benefit. But it should be noted that, when the fullest allowance has been made for the irregularities, the actual difficulties of the insurance scheme, always being modified, are largely due to the continually changing character of the working community. Here, for example, are a few significant details brought out in the annual survey of the Ministry of Labor.

In the summer of 1931 the total number of workers registered under the national insurance scheme was about twelve and three quarter millions, or say, 20 per cent of the population. In 1928 the total had been 11,880,000. This looks like a considerable addition in an almost stationary national community, but as a matter of fact all kinds of influences are at work to change that community on its various sides. There has been less emigration. There is now none at all; indeed, more people are returning from Canada, Australia and other British dominions than are going out, and we all know how firmly the doors into the United States are closed. Again, very few insured persons in England get out of the ranks of the insured workers into the class of small business people, while reductions of pay among the salaried workers have increased the numbers of those re-entering insurance through falling below the limit of exemption.

EVEN more interesting are some of the points brought out in the annual survey as to the changes going on all the time in the industrial conditions of England. A trade such as that of artificial silk shows a marked decrease in the numbers employed, after a period of rapid expansion. An industry such as constructional engineering finds employment for many men coming out of the depressed heavy industries—coal-mining, iron and steel, shipbuilding and the rest, while the unemployed are increased from year to year through the shrinkage of trades adversely affected by changes in fashion, by new inventions, and labor-saving machinery.

The last-mentioned category is destined to expand. England has been backward in labor-saving, especially in the household; our people may, quite probably, soon begin to show signs of a change of national habit in this regard. Not even a growing and increasingly intolerable difficulty over domestic service had been effective hitherto in forcing the average Englishwoman to attack the problem of household management. She remains on the whole of the same opinion as her Puritan grandmothers. That is to say, she believes that the acceptance and continuance of the curse of Eve is in some way good for her character, and necessary for the upholding of British womanhood! But even here she is beginning to respond to modern influences. Ten more years of women in gainful occupations, with an ever lessening burden of children, will lead the Englishwoman towards a knowledge of the domestic conquests achieved by her sisters in the United States and Canada; and when that happens there will be many more changes in the texture of the adult community of workers, all presumably to be among the insured. Note further the enlarging evidence of a very important geographical drift of population, from north to south. During the past four (*Continued on page* 395)

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The Loopholes Left at Versailles

By FELIX MORLEY

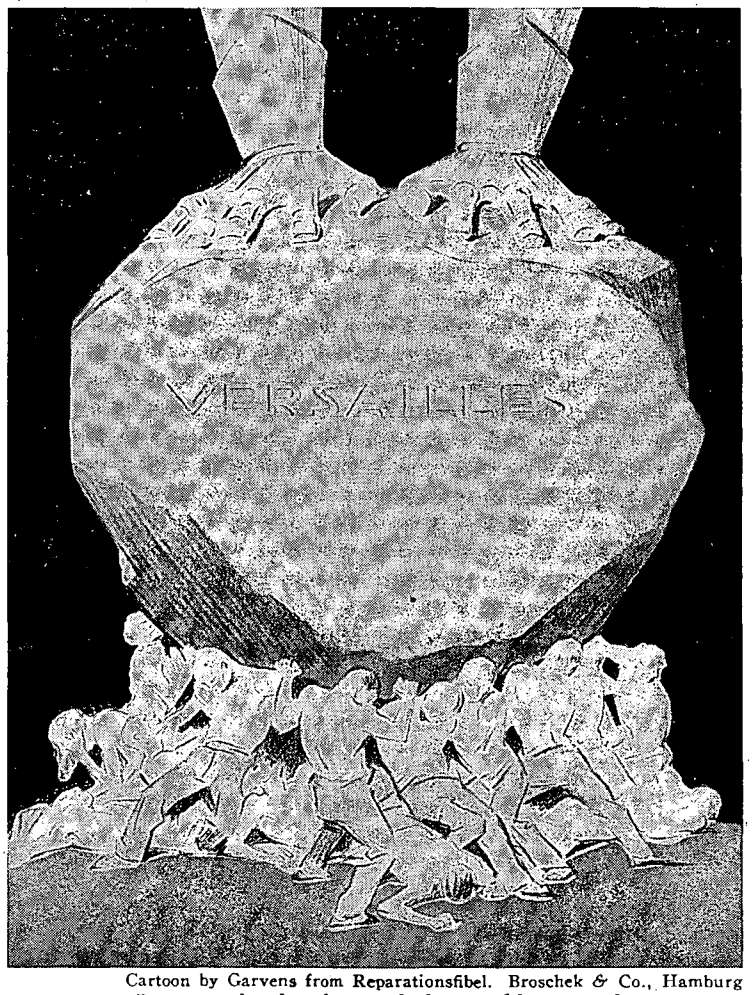
WITHIN the past few months the issue of revision of the treaties which closed the World War has been moved from purely theoretical realms to become a practical, perhaps even an urgent, matter. Many developments have been contributing to this changing attitude. Some are merely political reflections of the underlying distortions which render the physical and mental peace of the world precarious today. In this category may be placed the disquieting accretion of power by the German Fascist movement or the actions of the Japanese military caste in furtherance of the thesis that if it can be given a treaty sanction, no matter how that treaty was imposed, any act of aggression against another people is justifiable.

Other recent developments which have been casting general doubt on the permanence of outworn treaties are more fundamental in character. It is now apparent to almost everybody that Germany, in the condition to which the Treaty of Versailles has reduced her, is no longer able to maintain her scheduled reparations payments. We begin to realize that even if the necessary funds can be raised within the Reich the transfer problem will remain insuperable. And on the French reply that in this case the political debt must take precedence over Germany's heavy commercial obligations, our stock market drops to levels unplumbed for half a century. That is because we fear that if the terms of the Versailles Treaty and its by-products are rigidly maintained, Germany will sink into political and economic chaos, in a manner perhaps temporarily advantageous to French Nationalism but certainly disastrous to the world as an economic unit.

Another aspect of the same situation is found in the argument, resolutely and discouragingly affirmed on the very eve of the Disarmament Conference, that national security is a condition precedent to reduction of national armaments. So firmly is this argument maintained that those who use it seem to have no glimmering of the fact that the present mad wastage in unproductive military expenditure is jeopardizing our whole economic system without which "national security" would be an empty phrase.

SUCH considerations generally stand out more clearly when they are reduced to concrete examples. As I write my home city of Baltimore, with indifferent success, is struggling to raise a community fund of something over two million dollars in order to provide a minimum of relief for its unemployed this winter. Yet this same city, whether the calculation is based on the proportion of our population contained within its limits or on the proportion of federal income tax paid by its inhabitants, is to be mulcted for more than double the community-fund objective as its share of the current expenses of our military establishment. Presumably the unemployed Baltimorean, like his fellows in all our other cities, is duly grateful for the security provided by the battleships protecting his home, on which the mortgage will shortly be foreclosed. On Thanksgiving Day, it may be further noted, the National Association of Community Chests and Councils announced that $45,694,387 had been raised throughout the country for the emergency relief of the needy and unemployed. Two days later was made public the annual report of the secretary of the navy estimating that this service alone will spend $386,000,00 during the current fiscal year. We can turn the tap on full, but water won't run when it is wasting into the gutters from the main.

The cream of the jest, for those with an ironic turn of mind, is that we live in an age in which the capitalistic and the nationalistic philosophies of life are rapidly becoming mutually incompatible, so that one of them can be safeguarded only at the expense of the other. None can doubt, on the one hand, that our economic system has with-



Cartoon by Garvens from Reparationsfibel. Broschek & Co., Hamburg
Remove this burden and the world is cured

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There are all but forgotten articles in the Versailles Treaties which provide a mechanism whereby present intolerable conditions may be peacefully altered—this is Mr. Morley's arresting contention. The results of three years residence and research at Geneva are crystallized in his forthcoming book, The Constitutional Development of the League of Nations, shortly to be published by the Brookings Institution. In the course of this research Mr. Morley dug up this interesting data on articles 10 and 19 of the League Covenant which have a very direct bearing on the treaty revision issue as it confronts a troubled world.

in the past few decades become thoroughly international in character, with its health dependent upon an uninterrupted world-wide flow through the arteries of commercial and financial exchange. It is equally clear on the other hand, that the various aspects of unbridled nationalism—embargoes, tariffs, armies, navies—are to a greater or less extent impediments to the arterial flow of the life-blood of capitalism. As a result of this it follows that the most dangerous enemies of capitalism at the present time are not the Communists or other openly revolutionary groups, but the super-patriots in every country. It is these gentlemen (and ladies) who with really outstanding success are working for that "national security" which in each case can only be obtained at the expense of neighbors in the world community, and therefore with the result of international economic insecurity. The fact that the thorough 100-per-cent patriot is always fervent in his lip service to the "existing order" is not without humor, to those who can watch the decay of a civilization with equanimity.

The terms enforced on the Central Powers by the treaties which terminated the World War were without exception based on purely nationalistic considerations and for that reason alone cannot be regarded as enduring by a world in which political disregard of economic principles is doing so much injury. If other evidence of the absurdity of regarding these treaties as sacrosanct were lacking it would be provided by the beneficial results, for Greece as well as for Turkey, and indeed for the Balkan area in general, which have resulted from the overthrow of one of these treaties—that of Sèvres. Amid the mass of evidence which might be cited in favor of a thoughtful treaty revision, at no distant date, one may single out the present French mania for "security." By the Treaty of Versailles Germany has been disarmed, dismembered and brought to the brink of complete ruin. Yet France could not consider herself more insecure if she were confronted by a strong, prosperous and unfettered Reich. That being so, why not treaty revision to restore a German prosperity which would mean so much not merely to the stability of Europe but to that of the entire world?

In spite of the Turkish example it goes without saying that treaty revision, however urgently required, should not be brought about through the agency of physical force. The treaties which closed the World War fortunately contain in the Covenant of the League of Nations a mechanism whereby present intolerable conditions may be peacefully altered according to the best judgment and in the best interests of the world community. Such procedure is indeed implicit in various articles of the Covenant.

By article 20 the members of the League agreed that "this Covenant is accepted as abrogating all obligations or understandings *inter se* which are inconsistent with the terms thereof," a pledge which makes determination of Japan's treaty rights in Manchuria a proper subject for international rather than bilateral consideration. In article 22, as another example, there is nothing which would prevent Germany being given a mandate over one or all of her former colonies, a conciliatory step which the inflated and unwieldy empire of Great Britain could well afford to sponsor. But beyond the implicit possibilities of treaty revision under the League Covenant there is the explicit provision of article 19, which says:

> The Assembly may from time to time advise the reconsideration by members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world.

THE history of this article in the evolution of the League Covenant is both interesting and important. Modification of treaties, particularly their territorial clauses, was recognized as an appropriate function for the League of Nations in the first American draft Covenant, that written by Colonel House at the request of President Wilson in July 1918. Article 20 of the House draft, which was substantially followed by President Wilson in the draft Covenants which he prepared both before and during the Peace Conference, read as follows:

> The Contracting Powers unite in several guarantees to each other of their territorial integrity and political independence, subject, however, to such territorial modifications, if any, as may become necessary in the future by reason of changes in present racial conditions and aspirations, pursuant to the principle of self-determination, and as shall also be regarded by three fourths of the delegates as necessary and proper for the welfare of the peoples concerned; recognizing also that all territorial changes involve equitable compensation and that the peace of the world is superior in importance and interest to questions of boundary.

The most notable part of this roughly-phrased provision was the way it united, as parts of a single whole, the two principles of treaty guarantee (*Continued on page* 400)

"On Thanksgiving Day, the National Association of Community Chests and Councils announced that $45,694,387 had been raised throughout the country for the emergency relief of the needy and unemployed. Two days later was made public the annual report of the secretary of the navy estimating that this service alone will spend $386,000,000 during the current fiscal year. We can turn the tap on full, but water won't run when it is wasting into the gutters from the main."

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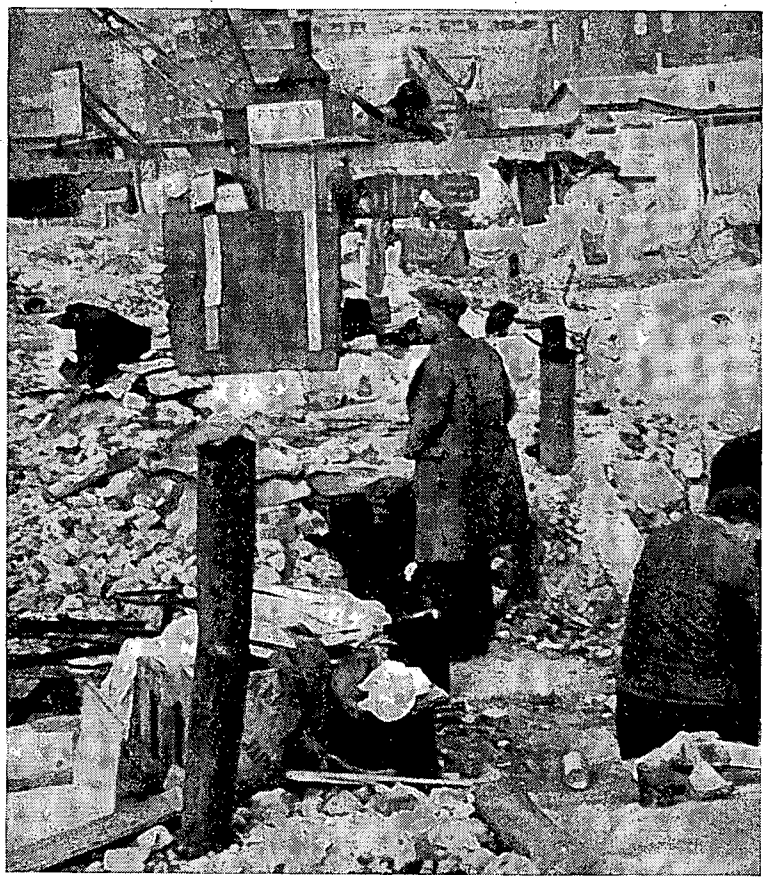

Dug-Outs and Settle-Ins

Photographs and Text by JEANNETTE GRIFFITH

A MAMMOTH packing box and carefully stepping feet came walking toward me on well trodden zig-zag paths among the loose wreckage. The box bounced to earth near a partly open cellar wall. A man quickly set to work with a pick to dig-in his box.

The lot at first glance looked empty before its backdrop of old warehouses and distant, misty skyscrapers. But here and there thin columns of smoke rose from pipes sticking through the uneven ground. I had to watch my step not to walk on ground-level roofs.

The old buildings had been razed for the New York Central's new freight terminal, which will face the North River docks on West Street in New York City. The rest of the site of three blocks is already under construction. Proximity to wharves and a large construction job had brought men seeking employment, seasonal or occasional; but many failed to find either. Winter was approaching in a bad year. Here was need, and here lay old cellars, full of loose brick and odd metal work, with old foundation walls standing and now and then stone steps.

In this setting I saw the drama of satisfying basic needs—food, shelter, clothing and companionship. Over a hundred men had already settled in. People in the vicinity, pals on the lot or dump carts en route to the disposal barges nearby had helped to provide a vast variety of the makin's of home. Water from a neighboring filling station, old tin pans and a row of drays at the back of the lot for clothes lines made clean clothes possible.

Abodes differed, indicating length of intended sojourn, past experience and habits of living. Here was just a box; its inhabitant cooked on the stones anywhere around. There a neighboring group of shacks, set about a corner wall, with outdoor cooking arrangements well laid in a sort of court, suggested tropical or southern experience where cooking is done outside as a regular thing.

"Do you see that highest stack? Well, that's the palace of the lot. A reg'lar artist feller. Been overseas too." The "palace" proved a most efficient place, built by a settler with a genius for adapting everything to his needs and for creating the comforts of home. He knew how to build an inside stove of stones with a stack that draws.

Not only were the shacks and settle-ins different, but the men were different: some, regular hobos pulling out when spirit moves or weather suggests, others settling in and eager for work, some just settling.

"There's a feller's got education. Comes from Portugal."

"Most of these boys wouldn't work if they had the chance. But some are crazy to work. Anything."

"Myself, I was raised up-state. No, it's not far to go back, but I can't go like this and there aren't any jobs."

"What will we do when it snows? Aw, then we'll pull out an go south."

"Sure, we're building snug. We'll stay as long as they let us."

One banking his shack with regular northern preparedness for winter in spite of a scornful neighbor, showed another angle to much of this building activity. "Well, I've got to be doing something and I've nothing else to do."

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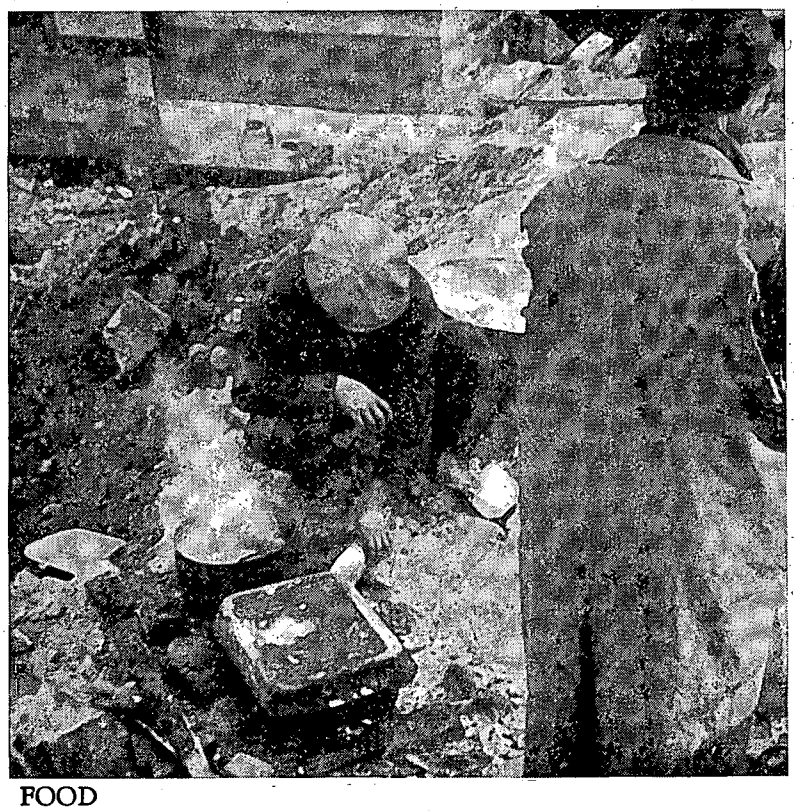
COMPANIONSHIP



FOOD

"The palace of the lot" and the builder

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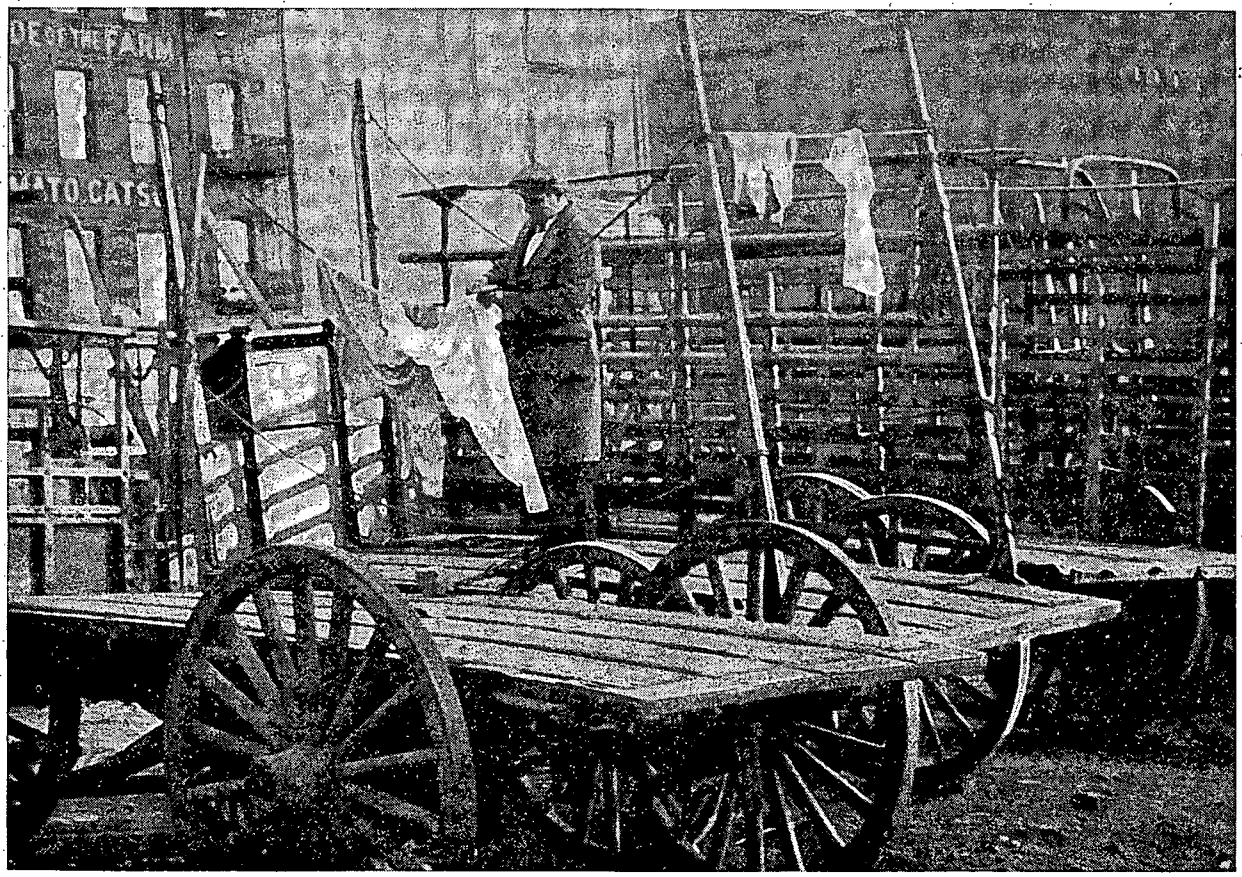
"We'll stay as long as they let us"

SHELTER



CLOTHING

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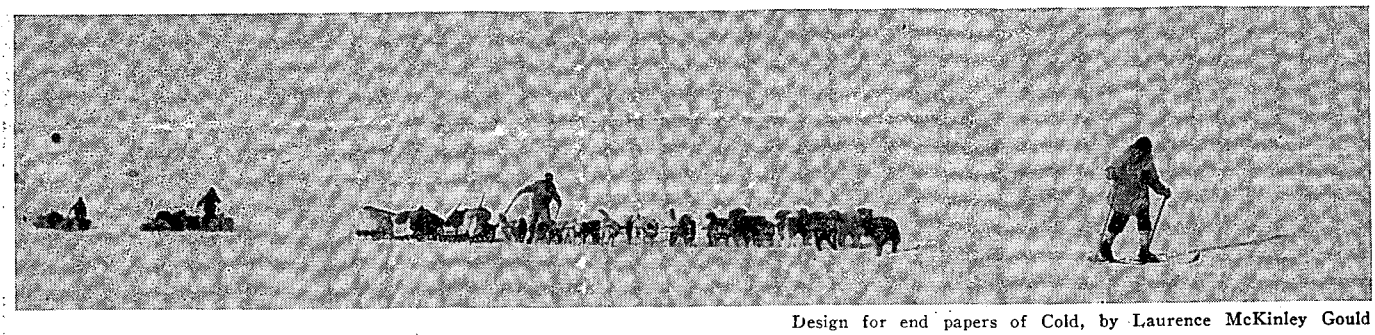

Design for end papers of Cold, by Laurence McKinley Gould

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U-BOATS WESTWARD! *by Ernst Hashagen. Putnam, 247 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
TOLD AT THE EXPLORERS CLUB, *edited by Frederick A. Blossom. A. and C. Boni. 425 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

IT'S a good race to belong to. Larry Gould led five men with dog sledges over fifteen hundred miles of Antarctic ice for three months and they all came home well and happy bringing us new knowledge of weather, rocks and glaciers. It is an epic of the conquest of cold. Ernst Hashagen endured the terrors of submarine war for three years that saw 178 German U-boats destroyed with 5132 men lost, yet kept sane and ends his grim saga with hopes for the new Germany. Peace needs to borrow that courage from war. Arthur Rostron rose from the flying clipper in sail to command the Mauretania and Cunard Fleet: he loves them both—and England—and still holds the sailor's creed: "There is a Providence that shapes our ends."

After dinner at the Explorers Club, men tell tales of courage, endurance, life and death, on the edges of the earth. Rank nor race nor money count in this brotherhood, but only the deed done, whether the goal be won or lost. These tales are good news, bringing us knowledge we need of places and people and heartening evidence that men can still look square in the face of the universe, forgetting self. As the logs drowse into ash under the lamp-light these are good books to read in this winter of 1932.

COLD, by Byrd's second in command, is a rare record of a sensitive spirit confronting frozen Nature through the long Arctic day and night to unlock her secrets because man must *know* and to enjoy her beauty because it is her woman's will. The airplane trip that ended when the plane was literally blown away is a thrilling drama; the picture of how the men passed the long night in body and in mind under the snow at Little America is given with the careful yet humorous detail of a scientist; and the log of the 1500-mile walk when you carry the only food you will have, sleep in a bag on ice, and are never warm or clean or well-fed, is pure fascination. This is the writing of a man of science who is fortunately a poet so we get the face of reality in detail and then the inner meaning and beauty. The polar days come and go on quiet almost domestic tread with their little duties, mistakes, loveliness, lessons and human jars all magnified by the environing ice and cold. Rostron was magistrate and host as well as sailor; Hashagen is still the warrior lamenting that his incomparable weapon did not win; the explorers have the salt of a yarn on their tongues. But Gould is the artist of the bare fact, silhouetted against emotion. With him you *mush* right out of civilization into the elements.

I love the detail: the whiskers that marked them off from our shaven, germ-proof life; the phonograph that played until sonatas were ruined; the nickname, "Simon Legree," that Gould won because he had to roust men out of bed into the cold even as you and I; the noisy sleepers; the dogs and their affairs of the heart; the oatmeal they ate on the long journey and the *one* towel each carried; the fight against perspiration that is the deadly ally of pure cold; the choice of W. H. Hudson's Green Mansions as the most popular book—a kind of compensation? Then the Aurora, ice-caves, and that marvelous field of unknown snow flowers.

There is a kind of noble simplicity in both fact and style, perhaps because one cannot lie when July averages minus 44.7 degrees. The chief pain of the sledgetrip was that the faithful dogs had to be killed on the way home from 85 South. The lesson is that honesty is the principal virtue. Cold is not vanquished by duplicity. And the true defense against cold and ice and fretted nerves is a man's inner resources.

UNDERNEATH Rostron's log of his personal fortunes and his memories of the social whirl on a liner, of big names, and the Americans is the same stern moral. The liner has become a migrant city equipped with an infinity of mechanical gadgets, linked by wireless to the stock market and the news, and her captain is diplomat as well as mariner, but finally his job is to get cargo and passengers across the old devil sea. The Mauretania came in five trips within ten minutes of the scheduled hour, yet her captain stayed once eight days on the bridge with only ninety minutes break. The graphic and intimate story of the Titanic wreck reveals how near Death rides on the deep. The days the author spent at Gallipoli and in command of troop and hospital ships during the World War were spent in hide-and-seek with peril, a peril, declares the blunt sailor, due in considerable part to bad management, poor organization and neglect of the Merchant Navy's resources. Sir Arthur indulges in a good deal of interesting Tory criticism of the war-makers and the peace-makers; he even tries to interpret "the Americans" to his insular brethren. The tale is a bit stiff with gold-braid and the pride of the self-made man, but there is salt in it, and a moving nostalgia

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for the old romance of the sailing-ship outward bound.

WAR by U-boat verges ever on pure neurosis. To endure the silence, the dark, the vitiated air, the sense of ponderous waters weighing on the thin shell, and the threat of mines, chain-barriers, depth-bombs, demanded an unparalleled will. Else swiftly one slipped into the madness that brings shuddering futile movement and babbling words. U-boat men (queer name!) displayed perhaps the most disciplined courage the human race has ever shown—the kind we shall need if ever we launch a rocket on a trip to Mars. It is good to have Hashagen's cinematograph of these terrors and this courage even if the end sought was cruel and wanton destruction. We may yet need such iron wills, in peace.

The note of Hashagen's book is that of fear and combat: his soul endured too much ever to become impersonal again. But we gain much objective knowledge: what a U-boat and undersea life were like, how they fought, and what they found out about danger and war. There is even humor at times for after all they played a kind of giant game. And there is a kind of instructive and chastening irony in comparing the view of the commodore of the Cunard Fleet, who was the fleeing prey, with that of the commander late Imperial German Navy who was the torpedo-tongued viper. Some wisdom, some charity is to be learned from comparing two views of one Fate. Take that odd English ship, the Q-boat, descended not from the playing fields of Eton, but from the theatricals of a country-house weekend. It was disguised as a tramp steamer and its deck-crew gave up like poltroons; they even had a "panic party" that swarmed into a boat and surrendered while smoke-bombs and steam-jets simulated shell-hits. So the U-boat was lured near enough, then the fake ports fell and hidden guns rained fire on the Germans . . . who deemed it poor sportsmanship. Yet such decoy ships got fourteen submarines . . . and how English! U-boat, Q-boat, camouflage, thirty million dollars worth of nets and bombs, zig-zags, crash-dives, mechanical ears—odd uses, messieurs, for the courage and ingenuity of this race, the God of war at peek-a-boo.

But the drama of the U-boat even in simple entries in Hashagen's log is hushed, oppressive, soul-burdening. Death shared every watch. Man is an air and sun animal and taking a little capsule of gas under the sea is a denial of his environment. The U-men faced triple adversaries—the Enemy, Nature, and the Machine. For if they tilted a little too far, acid from the battery married salt water to loose deadly chlorine. They could never be certain of breathing. The English discovered one boat with the crew all dead: the watch had left the oxygen turned on too much. Excess of the life-giver brought death too. This book is a theme for profound meditation.

THE Explorers offer an anthology of adventure from the Poles to the Equator for science and exploration. These are modest quiet tales without ballyhoo, by such leaders as Chapman Andrews, "Bob" Bartlett, Lindbergh, Dillon Wallace, Sir Hurbert Wilkins, literature of *escape* in both senses. They sought knowledge, not risks, and second Stefansson's maxim: "Adventures are a mark of incompetence." He disputes a lot of our folk-lore and shows how the mind can defeat blizzards in the Arctic by recalling worse ones in North Dakota or naming the Barren Ground, a "prairie." These tales are windows opening on man's spirit.

Progress, says Rostron, has brought speed and comfort, and stolen some of the glory and intimacy with Nature. In sail the boys once caught flying-fish with candles at port-holes; now you could make a "round-the-world cruise" and never meet a fish in person . . . yet fish are the life of the sea. Swift communication today denies that sense of aloneness that must once have meant a kind of release from society. If the Vikings or Columbus or Livingston wanted "to get away from it all," they succeeded. For a time they *were* mankind as if they had just arrived on this planet; they survived by their own sole strength, and if they died it was a private matter between man and God. Now the thin vibrancy of ether links the far-wanderer to the world: ice and sea are defeated through the air, by plane and radio. Gould had a 300-pound radio in his 5500 total and "raised" headquarters almost at will for orders, weather data, and courage. Hashagen on the sea bottom heard from his Admiralty; the SOS from the Titanic was caught by Rostron's wireless man as he unlaced his shoes to go to bed with his ear-phones on; once when a man was bitten by a snake in mid-ocean the treatment was OK'd by the Bronx Zoo in seven minutes!

We are members one of another. Even the travelers testify to that. Together we have won an armistice with Nature. It is time we conquered man. The real adversary is not fog, ice, jungle or sea, it is the face you see daily in the mirror.

LEON WHIPPLE

A French Poet Looks at the World

REGARDS SUR LE MONDE ACTUEL, *by Paul Valéry. Published by Stock, Paris,* 1931. 214 *pp. Price* 15 *francs.*

IF ever there lived a man who seemed to hold himself aloof from the affairs of the world, that man is undoubtedly Paul Valéry, whose new book is setting French thinking astir. His lofty plane of thought had, until recent times, found its expression in exclusive and costly editions. Trained in an atmosphere of broad intellectualism and conforming himself to the discipline of the highest standard of mathematical and scientific education that France can offer, that of the Ecole Normale Supérieure, devoting his attention later to a form of literature which embodies the language of the symbolist combined with that peculiar to Einstein, he adopted Leonardo da Vinci's motto: Stubborn rigour. His two books of verse were a model of poetry in its purest form, the very quintessence of harmony, more evocative than explanatory. His novel, if La Soirée avec Monsieur Teste can be regarded as such, constituted an abstract study of intellectual life. He is, above all, a relentless critic, a critic who demands that thought in all its aspects shall have the absolute purity of mathematics and the unquestioned soundness of empirical data.

Thus when he encounters philosophy in his path, he restricts it to "five or six problems which are apparently definite but which are basically undetermined and refutable at will, problems which can always be reduced to a conflict of language and whose solution depends upon the manner in which they are stated." This inexorable attitude led Valéry to commit two of the most extraordinary acts ever recorded in the three-centuries-old annals of the Académie Francaise. In his address of initiation he omitted to mention the name of his illustrious predecessor, Anatole France, although tradition called for a lengthy panegyric; later, when welcoming Marshal Pétain on his election to that august assembly, his speech proclaimed not only his abhorrence but his scorn for war.

He is now turning his analytical mind to a survey of the political situation of the world and, in his desire that his voice shall be heard amid the turmoil of universal distress, he has produced in this moderately priced manual, a collection of aphorisms, all of which are severely worded but expressed in a language comprehensible to the average reader.

His first victim is history, which he says is a "horrible mixture" of literature and philosophy, a succession of facts disguised under the cloak of personal theories, shorn of the accuracy and depth of a science. Such a state of affairs not only shocks the mind, it influences the trend of events. "History engenders history." We think of the future in terms of the

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past.. The National Convention would not have decreed the death of Louis XVI, Bonaparte would not have proclaimed himself emperor and Bismarck would not have turned his eyes away from Africa if, in each of these cases, action had not been dominated by reminiscences of history. Instead of creating they imitated. "Napoleon's power began to decline the moment he ceased to act surprisingly."

"History seems entirely to disregard the magnitude of the phenomena it represents." It speaks of a nation of a hundred million souls as it would speak of the people of Athens massed on the Agora. It makes no mention of the "Great phenomena rendered imperceptible by the slowness with which they appeared;" for example, "the discovery of electricity and its application in the conquest of the universe."

Politics are treated no less severely by Valéry:

Politics in every sphere are based on the indifference of the majority of those concerned, without which no politics would be possible.

Politics primarily constituted the art which prevented people from minding their own business. This art was later supplemented by that of compelling people to take a decision on matters beyond their understanding.

The result of political strife is to confuse and distort in the minds of the people all appreciation of the order of importance and the order of urgency of questions. What they promised in order to exist, parties retract in order to subsist. No party is worth more than another once it is in power. Neither is a party worth more than another out of power. . . . Everything that goes to make up practical politics is necessarily superficial.

WHAT remains then amid these ruins of history and politics? Like Descartes, and guided by an impulse which calls to mind the "dissertation on method," Valéry thrust aside all books and turned to meditating upon the Faces of the World. A glance at an atlas showed him the essential "facts of present-day history: Increased clarity and precision of knowledge; increased power of mankind. These are essential changes, since they tend to alter man himself."

The time of a finite world has begun.

Events are no longer isolated or localized. The consequence of consequences which were formerly imperceptible, or negligible, are now felt almost instantaneously, regardless of distance, with the result that the expectations of the calculator are always swiftly deceived. Long-thought-out plans, the deep schemes of a Machiavelli or a Richelieu would today be reduced to the consistency and value of a "tip for the stock exchange."

This limited world is constantly augmenting its equipment by means within the reach of all, since science is essentially communicable. Thus,

The artificial inequality of power on which European predomination was based tends to disappear.

While the efforts of the wisest heads in Europe constituted an enormous capital in the form of utilizable knowledge, the naive tradition of the political history of covetousness and ulterior design pursued its course and this spirit of Little Europeans betrayed, as it were, the methods and the instruments of power, into the very hands of those it was hoped to dominate. The struggle for concessions or for loans, for the introduction of machinery or skilled workers, for the building of schools or arsenals—a struggle that is naught but the transportation of Western strife to more distant lands—must inevitably result in Europe being relegated to the rank of secondary importance which it should occupy in virtue of its size and from which it has been promoted by the work and interchanges that went on within its boundaries. Europe will not have had the politics of its thought.

No event will come to pass without the whole world being involved. And it will be impossible to foresee or circumscribe the almost immediate consequences of the issue.

All the genius of past governments is exhausted, rendered powerless and futile by the extension and development of the inter-dependency of political manifestations, for there is no genius, no force of character and intellect, no tradition—not even British tradition—which can henceforth flatter itself that it is capable of countering or of modifying as it pleases the situation and reactions of a human world that no longer adapts itself to the old system of historical geometry and political mechanics.

Since resultant effects have become so rapidly incalculable on account of the causes, and even antagonistic to their causes, it may perhaps seem puerile, dangerous and foolish henceforth to seek out the event, to attempt to provoke its occurrence or to prevent it; the political mind will perhaps cease to think in terms of events, a habit due essentially to history and prolonged by it. This does not imply that there will be no more colossal events and moments from the point of view of their duration; happenings of an overwhelming nature are still to come! But those whose function it is to await them, to prepare them or to avert them, will as time goes on necessarily learn to be distrustful of the consequences. It will no longer be sufficient to mobilize will and power in order to embark upon a venture. Nothing in the last war was destroyed more than the pretention to foresee.

And yet some people place their hope in a resumption of that carnage.

Some think that there were not enough disappointments, not enough misery and distress, not enough havoc and tears, not enough mutilated and blinded, not enough widows and orphans. It would seem that the difficulties encountered in peace time were far worse than the atrocity of war, awe-inspiring pictures of which are nevertheless banned.

What a strange age this is! . . . or rather what strange minds are those that produce such thoughts! . . . In possession of all their mental faculties, with a perfectly lucid brain, with the most terrible of memories still fresh in their minds, surrounded by countless graves, scarcely emerged from that great trial, and aware of the fervent attempts being made in laboratories to penetrate the mysteries of tuberculosis and cancer, men can still give thought to the possibility of playing "a game of death."

It is just one hundred years ago since Balzac wrote the following words: "Without so much as troubling to cleanse her feet from the blood in which she stands ankle deep, Europe has forever been starting a fresh war."

Would it not seem that humanity, notwithstanding its lucidity and logical reasoning, incapable of sacrificing its impulsions to its wisdom and its hatred to its sorrows, is behaving like a swarm of ridiculous and miserable insects irresistibly drawn into the flame of a candle?

Will the world, and especially Europe, hearken unto these hard truths? They are conducive to meditation and reflection but they are not intended to dishearten: "The most pessimistic judgment that can be passed on man and things, on life and all it stands for, is in marvelous agreement with the action and the optimism it demands." R. S.

Paris

Letters for Two

ELLEN TERRY AND BERNARD SHAW, *A Correspondence. Edited by Christopher St. John. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 334 pp. Price $5 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THIRTY years of letters and not a dull one among them! The letters of a man whose tremendous egotism is redeemed by his brilliance, his humor, and by the occasional gleam of laughter at himself which lights up some otherwise rather pompous moments; and the letters of a woman so wise, so witty and so unself-conscious that if she had done nothing more than create her share of this book she would have left a charming heritage.

In consenting to the publication of this correspondence, George Bernard Shaw has not only revealed to us an Ellen Terry whom we could not possibly have known or loved so well in any of her other roles; he has shown us himself as Ellen Terry saw him, stripped of his poses, prejudices and vanities. For she looked straight through these at the loyal comrade, tender friend and incorrigible boy that, till the end of her life, she believed him to be.

Aside from these two portraits, the book has significance as an intimate personal record of a long and important struggle. On one side were the established theatrical traditions, with Henry Irving and Ellen Terry at their head. On the other, the revolutionists, led by Shaw, who "dismissed the entire London drama, from Shakespeare to his own contemporaries, as too childish to claim any attention," and fought to apply "to the British theater the standards of philosophical seriousness and psychologic depth set by Goethe, Ibsen and Wagner."

So this book is biography, history, and last but not least romance of peculiar loveliness and charm. Thirty years of letters between a man and woman who very rarely met, and seldom if ever alone.

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"She was always a little shy in speaking to me," Shaw tells us in his preface, "for talking, hampered by material circumstance, is awkward and unsatisfactory after the perfect freedom of writing between people who *can* write." Here is a relationship which would be spoiled by any name; something less than a courtship, more than a friendship, but mingling the delicate essences of both. "Let those who may complain that it was all on paper, remember that only on paper has humanity yet achieved glory, beauty, truth, knowledge, virtue, and abiding love." A logical and beautiful thing for Bernard Shaw to say. But would Ellen Terry have agreed?

Council of Social Agencies, Chicago HELEN CODY BAKER

Diagnosis of War

SCIENTIFIC DISARMAMENT, *by Victor LeFebure. Macmillan. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

SOCIETY AT WAR, *by Caroline E. Playne. Houghton-Mifflin. Price $3.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE HISTORY OF PEACE, *by A. C. F. Beales. Dial Press. Price $4 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

MAJOR LEFEBURE concentrates upon the endeavor to prove that effective disarmament is possible without endangering the security of any nation. The waging of war on the modern scale requires vast quantities of munitions and enormous supplies of heavy arms. The author differentiates between weapons which are effective in repelling armed attack and weapons which are essential to successful invasion of foreign soil, and contends that the latter can be limited or abolished.

The fear of sudden attack is the nightmare which causes nations to bankrupt their treasuries in a mad race of armaments. When a serious crime arises, the methods of conciliation, arbitration, judicial decision, and conference may prove successful in maintaining peace provided sufficient time is available. The scientific problem involved is to secure the kind of disarmament which will make it impossible for a nation to attack quickly on a great scale. By an exhaustive examination of the evidence furnished by the World War, Major LeFebure has shown that it is impossible for even the most advanced industrial nations speedily to manufacture the munitions and heavy artillery required for attack. From six months to two years elapsed before any belligerent was able to provide, after hostilities began, adequate supplies for its armies. This period of delay is called "the conversion lag." The author believes it is possible scientifically to determine the nature and quantity of weapons required for successful attack and to measure accurately the time needed for their manufacture. He maintains that the limitation or abolition of such weapons is the key to disarmament and security.

MISS PLAYNE'S volume is the third in her series on the psychology of war. By an exhaustive display of evidence, she reveals the mind of England during 1914, 1915 and 1916. Illuminating chapters are devoted to a consideration of what the War did to the mentality of women, clergymen, statesmen, business men and citizens in general. All classes went insane with fear and hatred. Reason fled and was replaced by primitive passions. Even H. G. Wells raved: "I find myself enthusiastic for this war against Prussian militarism." By the early spring of 1915 two thirds of the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge had volunteered and were under arms. Croydon eventually sent twenty-five thousand men to the War, of whom twenty-five hundred were killed and ten thousand were wounded. Talk against the War was considered high treason and public opinion was ruthless against conscientious objectors. One thousand curates of military age petitioned the Bishop of London for permission to serve as armed combatants. General Bramwell Booth, of the Salvation Army, expressed the belief "that this war is near akin to the essential spirit of Christianity itself." The Rev. F. B. Myers declared: "This is a holy war in which we fight with Heavenly Allies beside us." The Bishop of London proclaimed his conviction that "in this nation going to the help of poor Belgium they saw the most Christlike act for thousands of years."

To plead for an early peace was considered unpatriotic. England was delirious for a "knockout blow." Edward Fuller was fined £100 for asking a printer to submit an estimate for a poster containing the words: "War will become impossible if all men were to have the view that war is wrong."

This volume is recommended especially to those persons who say that it is unwise to make up one's mind now not to support any future war and that one should wait until the evidence is all in when an intelligent decision is possible.

MR. BEALES has written an interesting and instructive history of the peace movement, although he does not treat the American scene with the exhaustiveness with which Devere Allen has covered it. Present-day programs for peace will be more intelligently planned if the record of previous efforts is kept constantly in mind. To an understanding of the past Mr. Beales has made a substantial contribution.

These three volumes all come from England. The evidence is cumulative that in no country is there a more intelligent and vigorous peace movement than in the British Isles. The United States is far from the head of the procession.

KIRBY PAGE

Wild Gold

AMERICA WEIGHS HER GOLD, *by James Harvey Rogers. Yale University Press. 245 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THIS timely book, written by an able economist for the intelligent section of the lay public, is an excellent analysis of the part played by the misbehavior of the gold standard in the last few years in preparing the way for the present depression and in intensifying and prolonging it. Professor Rogers apparently does not believe that the depression just happened, and that it is impossible to assign responsibility for its extent and duration. On the contrary, he attributes a large measure of responsibility to the United States—to President Hoover, to Congress, to the Federal Reserve System and to the American people at large, with the suggestion, however, that he could be equally unpleasant about France's share for this mess if only he cared to try.

Most competent economists would, I believe, agree with Professor Rogers. But more importantly they would also subscribe to the general lines of his specific analysis of the way in which the American tariff debauch, Federal Reserve policy, the undisciplined and erratic behavior of American bankers and investors with respect to foreign investments, and other regrettable phases of the recent history of American civilization, have operated. There is little evidence, moreover, that any of the sinners have learned the error of their ways and are seriously repentant.

Professor Rogers makes no attempt to forecast the future but his general tenor does not induce optimism. On one important point, however, he gives unwarranted support to the apostles of rugged inertia. Having pointed out that the American banking system has been, with France, largely responsible for the deflation of prices through its accumulation of idle gold, he argues that there *is* a "bottom" to prices, which will be reached when the Federal Reserve Banks, having reduced to zero their earning assets (in return for which they obtain the gold which they sterilize) will no longer have the power to absorb more gold. This belief in natural or physical "bottoms" is the last source of hope for the patient waiters and they should be given no unnecessary encouragement. Private individuals who hoard cash or who keep deposits in banks without drawing on them for purchases can do some deflating on their own account without recourse to Federal Reserve assistance. And adverse foreign balances can contribute further to this process if they lead, as they may well do, to a decline in the volume of American bank deposits. There are no bottoms below which it is impossible for prices or employment or national income to sink if the moratorium on the deliberate exercise of intelligence persists.

One of the major drawbacks of democracy is that every citizen must perforce be his own economist. In this special emergency at least the literate minority (*Continued on page* 389)

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I. C. S. W. Tours

SOCIAL workers who can't get too much of a good thing will have an opportunity next summer to combine professional study with European travel, with the International Conference at Frankfurt to top off the feast. The Open Road, aided and abetted by the Committee on the International Conference of the National Conference of Social Work, has arranged seven travel seminars to permit American social workers to see European social work in action. Observation and study will be seasoned with social features, sightseeing and recreation. The seven seminars with their leaders are:

Social Work in Russia: Leader, Walter W. Pettit, assistant director, New York School of Social Work.

Family Welfare, with special reference to public-relief measures and child welfare: Leader, Emil G. Steger, general manager, St. Louis Provident Association.

Mental Hygiene, with reference to facilities for diagnosis and treatment from the social point of view: Leader, to be announced.

Prisons and Correctional Systems: Leader, Frederick A. Moran, executive director, division of parole, New York State Department of Correction.

Public Health Activities: Leader, Kenneth D. Widdemer, director, East Harlem Health Center, New York.

Social Insurance, including various insurance schemes for old age, health and unemployment: Leader, Howard R. Knight, general secretary, National Conference of Social Work, assisted by Mrs. Knight.

Folk Festivals and Immigrant Backgrounds: Leader, Florence Cassidy, National Board, Y.W.C.A., New York.

In addition to the seven travel seminars, two general interest tours are planned, one led by Jane H. Chandler of the National Conference staff, and the other by Mary B. Holsinger, executive secretary of the N.Y. State Conference of Social Work.

Full details of the whole project may be secured from The Open Road, 20 West 43 Street, New York.

Caribbean Conference

AN unofficial gathering for the purpose of effecting a better understanding of such questions as the policy of the United States as to recognition in Central America, the Nicaraguan Canal, the termination of the existing interventions, inter-American economic relations, and the building of more intimate cultural relations between the two Americas, will be held in San Jose, Costa Rica, March 20-27. The cosponsors from the United States are Carleton Beals, Raymond Leslie Buell, Waldo Frank, John Nevin Sayre, Will R. Shepherd and Norman Thomas. Representatives of international and peace movements, universities, student, feminist and labor groups, journalists and intellectuals will be especially welcome. For further information address Prof. Joaquin Garcia Monge, Repertorio American, San Jose, Costa Rica.

Olympic Games at Placid

WHAT more appropriate setting than Lake Placid for the third Olympic Winter Games, to be held in the United States for the first time February 4-13? Some twenty-five nations and four hundred delegates will take part in this international contest and a daily attendance of ten thousand is anticipated. The competitive games will consist of speed-skating, skiing, bob-sledding, hockey, and figure-skating. Special sports facilities, including a stadium in the heart of the village, have been constructed at a cost of more than $360,000. (III Olympic Winter Games Committee, Lake Placid, New York.)

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(*Continued from page* 387) should make a serious attempt to understand the major aspects of our present situation. For this the book is admirably suited, concise, clear, easy and at times even entertaining reading. Its preparation was a service deserving reward, and there could be no more appropriate reward than that it be widely read. JACOB VINER
The University of Chicago

BOOKSHELF

Books may be obtained at the prices given, postpaid of Survey Graphic

THE UNKNOWN WAR, *by Winston S. Churchill. Scribner. 396 pp. Price $5 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

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Not just any
Destany
Suits such a jest zany
But burlesques of his curley-cues
And quoting of what he is wroting.

THE CASE FOR FEDERAL RELIEF

(*Continued from page* 349)

for the unemployed, I am speaking as a man directly affected. I pay an income tax in the high brackets myself. In time, a goodly share of my estate will go to the government.

I believe in levying taxes according to ability to pay. Our government recognizes that principle in its dealings with foreign nations. Why should it not do so at home? The burden of an income tax or an inheritance (*Continued on page* 390)

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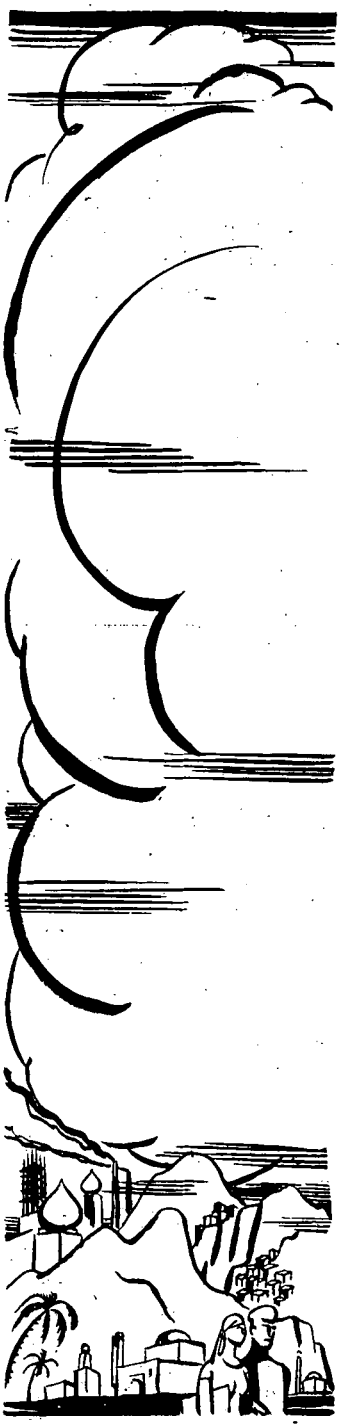

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(*Continued from page* 389)

tax can not be shifted. It lies where it falls. The burden of a heavily graduated tax falls on the man who is best able to bear it—who will feel the loss the least. I am strong for it. I am strong for its use to help defeat that shameful situation by which millions suffer from want in the richest country in the world.

You may ask how federal-relief funds can be used. In two ways. First by supplementing the efforts of the states, cities and other municipal organizations for feeding and otherwise helping people who cannot get work. Second, to give work. There is scarcely any limit to the number of men who could be employed by the federal government in great public works of many kinds in every part of the country. Flood control on the Mississippi and other rivers, the development of inland waterways, reforestation and fire prevention, the use of rivers for water supply, irrigation and power, the checking of erosion, the construction of airports and the lighting of airways, the drainage of swamp land, the building of highways—all these and many others can be undertaken and will pay for themselves over and over again in the recreated efficiency of national life. More than twenty-four hundred years before the Christian era the rulers of Egypt were faced with the question of employing idle labor. It was answered by the most widespread and effective public-construction program the world up to that time had known. The Nile was harnessed. Irrigation lakes and canals, public buildings and monuments, entire cities, were built on a nationwide scale. Are we lacking in the vision and the courage that set a nation at work forty-three centuries ago?

The picture is now complete. Local relief means making the poor man pay. Local relief serves to weaken further our national consuming power and block any hope of permanent recovery. Local relief is part of a vicious policy to shield concentrated wealth—a policy which brought on the depression and has kept it with us for two long years. Local relief means release for the rich, not relief for the poor.

Federal relief is demanded by every principle of justice, of humanity and of sound economics. Federal relief can he raised from the wealthy so that the purchasing power of the millions of average citizens will not suffer. Federal relief can be spent in such a way that unemployment and distress will be defeated and the entire nation started well along the path to a permanent and balanced prosperity.

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This is no local crisis, no state crisis. It is nation-wide. I can not believe that a national government will stand by while its citizens freeze and starve, without lifting a hand to help. I do not see how it can refuse to grant that relief which it is in honor, in duty and in its own interest bound to supply.

POTIONS AND PILLS

(*Continued from page* 373)

which fall most unevenly. In these some lucky few will have no part; some will draw an amount they can meet; but a few —and these are the ones who cry out—find themselves confronted with bills for medical care which they could not foresee, forestall or control. Aside from the capacity of hospital and doctor bills to leap suddenly and heavily on the pocketbook, they also are likely to come with other troubles in their train: loss of earning power, the costs of convalescence, a household anxious and upset. On the other hand the stop at the drugstore is typically only an errand in an otherwise fairly natural day.

From the amount we spend for medicine it seems fair to assume that as a people we both can and will pay out money for what we believe to serve health in small, definite, self-controlled amounts, even if often useless. In a report on medical service in the state of Vermont, the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care declares "if the public could be educated to spend its money more intelligently, some of its medical problems would be solved." But given what we can pay or at least are paying, what could we do (*Continued on page* 392)

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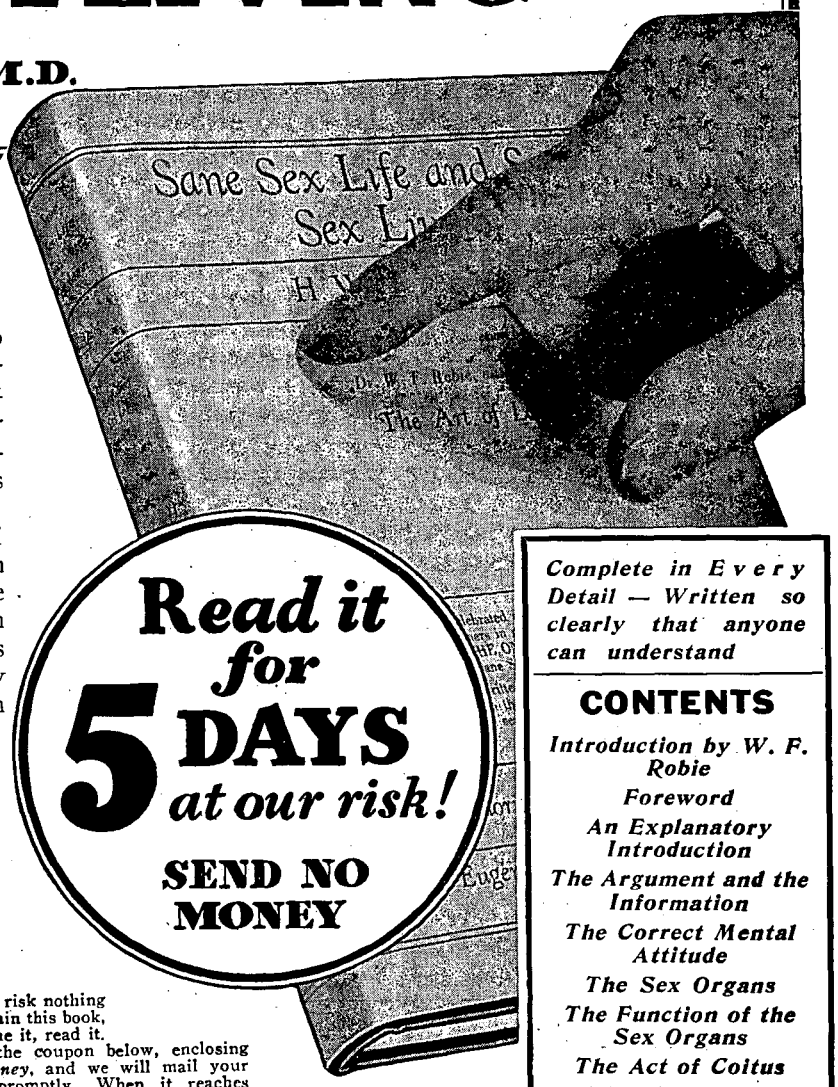

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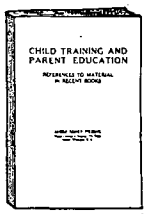

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GOING ABROAD?

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(*Continued from page* 390) "intelligently" with the average $2.40 apiece that we squander each year on self-medication?

It is heartening to speculate on the amount of skilled medical advice and care that could be bought with the wasted $300,000,000, *if* it could be mobilized for the benefit of those who will need care acutely in any one year. No one can predict who those will be, least of all the lot of us who gamble our $2.40. Shall one stake the year's wastage on one visit to a doctor, not knowing what he will need in the way of future visits, or for prescriptions or recommendations of less work and no worry and so on? In contrast, the brightly lighted, definite little drugstore looks easier, cheaper, sometimes friendlier. Among considerations important to the patient who is still at work is the fact that usually you don't have to wait to see the druggist. When you gamble, as you must, on the amount you will need and will pay in a year for the cost of health, self-prescribed medicine represents a little chance, financially speaking, compared to the chance you take when you choose the doctor. Scientifically, of course, the odds are the other way. Yet the patient who is only mildly ill and feels he should do *something* about it is likely to balance the $3 he would pay to a doctor to hear perhaps that he didn't need a headache pill but merely a good night's sleep against the 25 cents he would pay for pills at his own initiative. Next morning the headache is all right anyway, and maybe it won't come again.

THE point is that organized business has made self-medication easily and definitely accessible to everyone. There is no analogy in the services of doctors and hospitals. The figures of the organized health services in the colleges, where people pay an annual fee, show that people will consult doctors when some of the financial uncertainties of that step are removed. There the burden of costs is spread by distribution over the lucky ones who need little care and the unlucky who need a lot. If, as the Committee has suggested in other connections, we could organize ourselves to spread the costs of serious illness over a period of time or over a group of people, the driblets that we waste in self-treatment might go a considerable way toward paying for assurance for every member of the group that he would get scientific advice and care when he needed it. The doctor, too, would be spared some of the irritation he now feels at seeing money spent for needless drugging which might more usefully go for professional service. With an assured income he would be under less pressure than he is at present to prescribe placebos to make an office visit seem worth the time and money. With a chance to see patients who came to him before they were acutely ill, he would have a greater opportunity to prevent as well as care for illness. If the payment of medical service could be made convenient, definite and limited by some application of the insurance principle, I should guess that a great many people would far prefer to pay the doctor than the medicine-maker.

Undoubtedly all of us are boobs at least part of the time. We would like to believe in magic and probably we will continue to want to buy it. To that extent, the unnecessarily high cost of medicine represents the purchase of a kind of satisfaction that has nothing to do with science, but may, to the deluded purchaser, seem worth what it costs. Persistent education may enlighten him. So far it has been the medicine-makers and sellers who have appeared more anxious than have the organized medical profession to get their kind of education, real and spurious, before the public. The Committee's recommendations for supplying drugstore patrons with authoritative medical information as to home remedies and the names and address and scheduled fees of doctors and hospitals shows one dignified way in which the doctors can say their word. The interest of some medical societies in providing health education and information shows others.

Education, however, goes only a part of the way. Except in the crisis of obviously serious illness the most admirable and intelligent patient probably will continue to take a chance at curing himself if the alternative is fear of incurring a bill he cannot pay or taking time from work which he cannot afford. Pushed by his worries to do something, he will read more hope than the law allows into the labels and the advertisements or

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the vague claims of healers who promise help by occult means. The amount we spend unnecessarily for medicines is a measure not only of the efficiency of advertisers and merchandisers and of our credulity and passivity but also of the paucity of more adequate forms of medical care within the means of self-supporting, middle-class purchasers of medical services.

ARE WOMEN LOSING GROUND?
(*Continued from page* 354)

Nor had it been at all a one-sided affair; her sister's fireside had always made her welcome for vacations; the children adored her; and the brother-in-law had always been a steadying and kindly friend.

Accustomed to give orders and lay out programs for others, she now sat at my desk and asked for advice. Her self-confidence was gone; she had no hope and she did not know what to do next. She only wanted to be told. In her case discouragement had gone on too long. . . .

ONLY those who have personally experienced unemployment can realize the spiritual paralysis which is bound to result from a long period of job-hunting. Doors repeatedly shut in your face day after day; a discouraging negative heard over and over again; the insidious conviction that you are not needed or wanted, gradually replacing your belief that you have a real place in the world.

Women in public employment and in social, educational and philanthropic organizations have found themselves sheltered in the midst of the storm. Women in the luxury trades, which seemed to open out so happily, have been expensive sufferers, along with the men in those trades—interior decorating, for instance. Women in the proverbial occupations of feeding humankind have been more secure. It is the women in industry and business who have been hit in a way that staggers their sense, not only of getting back a job but of getting back an opportunity.

What is more difficult for a woman who has excelled in the arts or business than suddenly to be forced to adapt herself to a clerical job requiring exactness, literalness, and monotonous detail? The discipline of taking orders may be good preparation for a role in which one must give orders, but what of the reverse sequence?

Mrs. Church, who was refused the library job because she was "too fine a tool," is one poignant example of the frustration which business women may have to confront even when times change. Employers very definitely do not want to hire a woman who is apt to become restless in a subordinate job and endeavor to better herself. Time and again it has been my task when recommending a girl for a job to underestimate her talent—to emphasize her ability to take orders and to conform, to stress her willingness to adapt herself and be contented with a small wage. Time and again I have had my highly trained applicants returned to me with this objection: "She's too good for the job. I don't need a woman with so much training. She will outgrow the post too soon. A beginner will do just as well. All I want is accuracy, willingness and a nice disposition. Send me someone else, not a college graduate. I want somebody who will take orders!"

Clerical and stenographic help is still largely female—but the woman stylist, the employment supervisor, the department head, the publicity expert, in an appalling number of cases, is being displaced.

Did the fireside of two generations ago, with its heavy domestic duties and economic dependence, offer security and a sphere of influence more satisfying than the wider horizon of our own times?

But such speculation is idle, as our civilization is now geared to expect able-bodied women to be self-supporting. Chivalry is no longer our social frame of mind. Women must go on working outside the home, even if such banner phrases of the feminist as "economic freedom" and "equality of opportunity" may prove to be hollow sounds (*Continued on page* 395)

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(*Continued from page* 393) echoing from a vanishing era. These phrases were descriptive of better times when we felt that we were well along the Utopian path where opportunities for women would be limited only by their capacities.

ENGLAND AFTER THE DELUGE

(*Continued from page* 376)

years there has been a net decline of 117,000, in the number of insured men in the coal-mining industry, and that figure may be taken as significant of much that is happening in other trades familiarly classed as "the old heavies."

A Danger of Reversal?

THE National Government, one may remark, cannot be national in any real sense, for the huge body of members of Parliament upon which it depends contains no fewer than 470 Tories and Conservatives in a House of 615. The larger portion of these undoubtedly allowed their active supporters in the campaign to talk vaguely and with emphasis about the abuses of the dole and the extravagance of the social services in general; and the danger undoubtedly is that there will be a determined drive towards restriction of scope and curtailment of expenditure upon departments which, during the past twenty years, have come to be looked upon by all classes as necessary and desirable adjuncts of a civilized society. The Die-Hards, of course, have never been won over even to a small extent. They think of the social services as economically ruinous and morally vicious. Even Lord Snowden, in a broadcast address which was part of the Government's heavy artillery in the election, quoted statistics of these services, for the purpose of showing the striking contrast between the present figures and those of a half generation ago, as though they must be taken as convincing proof that the country is on the road to ruin.

The Government will find itself pressed by the most reactionary section of its supporters to adopt measures intended to make large inroads upon the services; and yet nothing is more certain —unless we are actually being forced down on to a lower subsistence level—that no British Government relying upon a popular vote can make any great change in the system of which these services are an integral part. The new Ministry of Health, we know, will administer the amended Insurance Law in somewhat rigorous fashion. But it has to be remembered that even the Economy Commission came to the conclusion that the removal of the recognized anomalies could not result in a saving of more than 5 per cent.

The root of the difficulty does not lie in irregularities and incidental wastefulness. It lies in the protracted depression of an industrial and commercial country which has accepted as a national obligation the burden of maintaining the workless victims of the existing system. The gravity of the problem which has been passed on from one administration to another —from Mr. MacDonald as Labor prime minister to Mr. MacDonald as head of a strangely discordant "National" team— may be realized in some measure with the aid of a single example. A short time ago the gap between the annual expenditure on unemployment benefit and the total amount of the contributions to the National Insurance Fund was given as 90 millions sterling—at the old parity, 450 million dollars. And yet we cannot overlook the truth that Britain has until recently borne the vast load of her workless citizens, together with the fine range of her general social services, with a relative ease that would have made every Victorian statesman and economist speechless with amaze. And, as I finish, I will yield to the temptation of quoting one startling figure as an illustration of what this surprising old country does, without its people knowing the facts or troubling to find out what they are. We have just been officially informed that the total amount paid by the British Government in war pensions in the thirteen years since the Great Killing ceased is 980 millions sterling—or say, on the basis of the old exchange, a trifle of only 100 millions or so short of five billion dollars.

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THE WHISTLE BLOWS

(*Continued from page* 363)

[*Bill walks forward. The others watch, quite tense.*]

SPOOKY: Wait for me outside. I want to see you. Here's your pay. [*Hands him envelope.*]

[*Bill mumbles indistinctly and stumbles out the door. In an absolute silence Spooky walks over to the other men and one by one hands each his pay-envelope. In continued silence, he goes out the door.*]

PETE: God! [*A harsh whisper.*]

CAP: God, nothing. God didn't have anything to do with it.

[*Slim laughs harshly and the other men glare at him.*]

CAP: Dry up, kid. Will yuh?

[*Pete gets up and walks over to his work-bench. He starts toward the door, but stops suddenly as Bill re-enters. Bill is grinning.*]

PETE: What—what did he want?

BILL: It was just about an order.

CAP [*incredulously*]: An order?

BILL: Yeah, an order.

PETE: An order.

SLIM: An order. Feature that.

[*The tension is broken. The men laugh and tear open their pay-envelopes. Slim starts to whistle. Pete slaps Bill on the back.*]

CAP: God, fellows, but we're lucky.

SLIM: Huh?

CAP: Lucky, boy. Lucky. At least, for another week.

[*The whistle blows. The machinery in adjoining buildings can be heard to start up, the noise gradually increasing in volume. The four men go to their work-benches and take up their work. Noon hour is over and the afternoon's work is beginning. After a moment the curtain falls.*]

DOWN TO THE POPPIES

(*Continued from page* 380)

to carry out the specific terms of the convention adopted by the First Opium Conference of 1924-25 in which the eight Far Eastern Powers participating in that conference agreed jointly to review the situation "from time to time.... The first meeting shall take place at latest in 1929." That seemed a reasonably remote postponement, then. It was then decided that opium-smoking—that is, the formal toleration of it—should be completely terminated within fifteen years of the "divine far-off event" of decision by a commission to be appointed by the League of Nations "at the proper time" for the purpose, that

> ... the poppy-growing countries have insured the effective execution of the necessary measures to prevent the exportation of raw opium from their territories [meaning smuggling] from constituting a serious obstacle to the reduction of consumption in the countries where the use of prepared [smoking] opium is temporarily authorized ... etc., etc., etc.

No commission with any such decisive power has ever been appointed, and the thing was insincere foolishness anyway, reluctant response to American insistence. The British government under date of August 1, 1928 served notice upon the Council of the League that the efforts to suppress smuggling had "completely failed," and that the prospect of undertaking the gradual and complete suppression of the use of prepared opium had "receded indefinitely."

In short, even had there been the best intentions in the world—which there were not—to accomplish something definite and aggressive, there was nothing that the Bangkok conference could do, beyond declaring the situation hopeless and adopting pious platitudes as to why that which these nations neither desire nor intend to do cannot be done. Which is exactly what they did. And all that they did. The conference labored—if you want to call it that—for two weeks or so, and brought forth precisely nothing, save some definitions and recommendations to which nobody will pay the slightest attention.

WE have adopted (on paper) admirable principles for dealing with the manufactured derivatives to which is devoted perhaps one tenth of the total production of opium and the coca-leaf, not to mention hemp, source of hasheesh, or any of the other means of addiction. We now confront the Real Job—that of controlling the main supply. The poppy flourishes as never before in history, and as for the coca-leaf... I can still hear the pathetic quiver in Mynheer Van Wettum's voice as he almost tearfully pleaded for the "living hedges" of Dutch Java, principal source of the devilish cocaine.

As was written of old to the Christians at Ephesus, in this bad business "we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Back of this problem of the control of narcotics—including the narcotic alcohol—lie the most powerful factors which actuate, bewilder and bedevil humankind, flowers and fruit of Original Sin. Hendrik Willem van Loon, in his fascinating story of Rembrandt, R. v. R., puts it in the mouth of his imaginary ancestor, the good Dr. Joannis van Loon of Amsterdam:

> Everywhere in the world the inhabitants seem to have some favorite way of bringing about temporary forgetfulness. In most instances interested in their miserable hasheesh only as a means of temporary escape from lives none too happy.

Then there is raw greed, the immense profits obtainable from this traffic in human weakness; augmented by the prohibitions which aggravate the demand and enhance the risk, and therefore the financial gains. On top of these is the cynical habit of governments to capitalize both of these factors as a means of revenue; all the more cynical and conscienceless when the people involved are of "subject races," regarded as inferior and therefore fair game for exploitation; entitled to little human sympathy but rather objects of supercilious contempt.

We have, let us assume, putting the fairest possible face upon the position, and remembering that not a syllable of it is in force or likely to be for a long time, adopted tactics by which to drive in the outposts and repel the great reconnaissance-in-force. All of which is to the good, if only as an evidence of progress in international intelligence—not to mention international good faith. We now confront the enemy's Main Army, which hasn't moved an inch.

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DOCTORS OF MATRIMONY

(*Continued from page* 360)

organization and operation in which the clinic, though deprived of the benefit of integral association with another agency, yet is not handicapped by such a relationship. Under independent auspices, with a carefully selected advisory committee made up of persons of outstanding professional and scientific reputations, such a clinic could function courageously and impartially.

Of what types of individuals should the professional staff be composed? The answer depends on the sponsors' conception of the clinic's methods. If one agrees that marital maladjustments are not basically different from other maladjustments, then a staff composed of the triad, familiar in mental-hygiene practice, of psychiatrist, psychiatric social worker and psychologist becomes a logical answer. In the case of the marriage clinic, however, certain special consultants become necessary. Thus one would wish also to have routinely available the services of at least the following:

A physician who is a gynecologist, and perhaps another competent along genito-urinary lines.

A birth-control consultant, who might be one of the physicians or a separate person.

A legal-aid consultant.

A home economist to advise with regard to family budget, etc.

A consultant in adult recreation and the utilization of leisure.

A religious consultant, preferably a liberal theologian able to harmonize religious doubts and conflicts when encountered.

But the most important question of all concerns the type of individual who shall head up the staff of such a clinic. Who shall it be? The answer is simple. *Anyone* can undertake the direction of a marriage clinic or family adjustment bureau, providing (and here comes the rub) he or she is personally and professionally equipped to do the job. Of course opinions vary tremendously as to what constitutes adequate equipment for such work. Many clergymen feel sincerely that their theological training, plus perhaps a bit of reading in modern psychology, constitutes sufficient preparation. The social hygienst with his interest focused on disturbances of the sex life is equally sincere in believing this sufficient to justify his manipulation of marriage conflicts. No less honest is the conviction of the Y. M. or Y. W. C. A. advisor that contact with hundreds of young people is in itself an adequate foundation for engaging in the delicate art of marriage-counseling. The general physician, especially if he be a gynecologist, likewise is certain that the tales of woe and the physiological tragedies unfolded in the consulting room equip him to deal with all varieties of marital difficulties. Sometimes a psychiatrist, rich in experience with the institutional varieties of mental disease, decides that this background alone prepares him for the adjusting of extramural problems. Nor to the well-meaning layman without technical training in any field, whose equipment is limited to a fund of "common sense" and a love for mankind, should there be imputed dishonest motives in his contention for directorship of a marriage clinic.

Perhaps a crude sort of job-analysis will throw light on the matter. Inherent in the job confronting a clinic that would undertake, on a professional basis, to prevent or to relieve marital maladjustments is, first of all, an ability to separate the wheat from the chaff; in other words, a trained experience that will enable the director and his staff not only to evaluate correctly and to recognize, truly inconsequential symptoms and problems for what they really are, but that also will enable them to detect graver problems masquerading cunningly under the guise of trivial symptoms. This calls for a special type of training and clinical experience. Secondly in the job analysis is an equally special ability come by only through similar training, to size up a given problem in its totality and again to appraise in reasonably accurate measure the relative importance of the numerous factors that have contributed to its making. Only by so doing can one ascertain where to lay special weight in the formulation of a program of treatment. Lastly is the most difficult requirement of all—a capacity to integrate into a common procedure all the various (*Continued on page* 400)

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(*Continued from page* 399) accessory consultation aids previously mentioned without losing sight in the process of the true nature of the problem as a whole. This last requirement calls for a broad practical knowledge of the community's resources in the way of medical, social and religious facilities; in the expert application of this knowledge it calls also for something no amount of reading or theorizing can furnish, namely, actual *clinical* experience gained in dealing in a technical manner with flesh-and-blood cases.

So far as is known, there is at the present time but one type of professional whose technical training and clinical experience routinely equips him for these requirements: the psychiatrist who has had a rich background of experience in extramural problems of mental hygiene. Daily he meets problems springing from the same roots whence problems of marital maladjustment arise; he is attempting to solve these problems via the scientific method; and he is required to be intimately familiar with the integrative procedures for bringing to bear on the treatment of a case all of the consultative services the community offers or the case requires. It is suggested, therefore, that the extramurally trained psychiatrist may be the logical best choice for director of a marriage clinic or family-adjustment bureau.

Lastly, it is recognized that there are, here and there, clergymen, social workers and others who possess the requisite training and experience for this job and who are fully as well equipped for it as the psychiatrist. There is no practical reason in the world why the work should not be entrusted to their hands. But so far as the rank and file of clergymen and others are concerned, there will be scant disagreement with the statement that there is little or nothing in their professional training, unless they have taken special work, that supplies them with the technical ability here described. And while the wish to be helpful is to be commended yet in a world of reality the hard fact must be faced that the field of marriage clinics is no place for the amateur.

THE LOOPHOLES LEFT AT VERSAILLES

(*Continued from page* 378)

and treaty modification. League members were to be given a joint guarantee of protection for their territorial integrity and political independence, as against external aggression, only because there was coupled with this arrangement a provision for the modification of unjust or dangerous treaty clauses. Territorial guarantee alone and unrelieved was of course a very different matter to territorial guarantee intimately linked with provision for territorial revision. And the intention of the early architects of the League Covenant to make the provisions reciprocal is shown by a glance at the wording of the article as it stood on February 1, 1919, approved by the heads of both the British and American delegations. By this time Colonel House's original suggestion had been strengthened so as to relieve League members of obligations to nations which refused to modify a treaty settlement when such modification was judged in the general interest. I have italicized this significant provision:

> The High Contracting Parties undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all states members of the League.
>
> If at any time it should appear that any feature of the settlement made by this Covenant and by the present treaties of peace no longer conforms to the requirements of the situation, the League shall take the matter under consideration and may recommend to the parties any modification which it may think necessary. *If such recommendation is not accepted by the parties affected, the states, members of the League, shall cease to be under any obligation in respect of the subject matter of such recommendation.*
>
> In considering any such modification the League shall take into account changes in the present conditions and aspirations of peoples or present social and political relations, pursuant to the principle, which the High Contracting Parties accept without reservation, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

One of the most momentous, and in the upshot unfortunate, decisions taken during the drafting of the League Covenant was that whereby the last two paragraphs of the above article were omitted, thus sweeping away the qualifications which made reasonable the clause of territorial guarantee. Eventually the truncated article became the first half of the famous article 10 of the final Covenant, and played the central part in Senate rejection of League membership on the part of the United States. A milder provision for the reconsideration of treaties was later put back in the Covenant, through the instrumentality of Lord Robert (now Viscount) Cecil, as what is now article 19. But thus separated, the two principles lost the balance which had existed between them earlier. President Wilson's insistence upon a territorial guarantee clause would have aroused much less opposition if the corollary of revision of outworn treaties by international action had been maintained. The researcher who painfully works through the idle nonsense and sounding fury of the Senate debates during the winter of 1919-20 will find thousands of references to article 10, scarcely a mention of article 19, and nowhere any consideration of the fact that historically and logically these two articles are complementary parts of a single whole.

THE treaty revision clauses were separated from that of territorial guarantee because the legal advisors of both the American and British delegations felt strongly that incalculable confusion would result from making the peace treaties indefinite by providing for future territorial adjustments. The reincorporation of such a provision in the carefully modified form of article 19 of the Covenant was a compromise between the purely legalistic attitude and the more statesmanlike view that the doctrine of the eternity of treaties, particularly those drafted with definitely punitive intent, is almost certain to have disastrous consequences.

Sufficient time has now elapsed to permit judgment on these viewpoints to be passed with some measure of confidence. And after due reflection two considerations would seem to stand out beyond contention. In the first place, the confusion which has resulted from making the territorial adjustment of the Peace Conference clear-cut and unreversable could scarcely have been greater if they had been made subject to revision after a cooling-off period as fortunately was done in the case of the reparation payments. Senator Borah has been roundly criticized for telling the French journalists who accompanied Premier Laval to this country that "either by peace or by force" the treaties of 1919 will have to be revised. But while many will affirm that his remark was tactless, few can deny that it carries the bluntness of truth. More than thirteen years have passed since the close of the War, but the lack of any political stability in eastern Europe remains as one of the greatest impediments to European and therefore to world economic recovery.

In the second place, article 10 of the Covenant, with the provision for treaty revision removed, is seen today as a broken reed to lean upon in spite of its firm language. It takes a very squint-eyed view of Japan's actions in Manchuria to conclude that she is at present respecting and preserving the territorial integrity of China, as she is pledged to do. And neither France nor Poland seem to value Germany's similar pledge sufficiently to encourage them to assume any active leadership for tangible disarmament.

The conclusion, therefore, is that the time has come to invoke article 19 of the Covenant, up to this time too much disregarded. There are treaties which have become inapplicable and most decidedly we confront "international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world." If the territorial guarantee clause is proving valueless by itself, no harm can be done by envisaging it in connection with the clause for territorial revision which was originally a definite part of the doctrine. Serious invocation of article 19 by the next session of the League's Assembly may indeed prove to be a necessary move to save the all-important Disarmament Conference from relative futility. And nothing could do more to stimulate American cooperation with the League, thereby benefiting world peace and world economic recovery, than definite action in Geneva to show that the Covenant can rise superior to the punitive aspects of the Treaty of Versailles.

Tremendous potentialities for beneficial change lie dormant in article 19. All that is necessary is the will to make full use of its very moderate provisions.

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